

LOCAL LEVIES.

Made by "Tribune" Reporters in Their Bounds About the City.

Jerry Duane lost one of his horses Tuesday from sunstroke.

Adam Mann was in market to-day with Bismarck grown roasting-ears.

The telegraph extensions have been completed from the Coal Banks to Fort Assinaboine and Benton.

Col. Constable, the quartermaster at Lincoln, lost eighty dollars through the pecuniary cussedness of his strikers.

The piling for the track reaching to the transfer boat on the west side has fallen in. The Missouri was too much for it.

The nickel scenter is dead, but THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE is still sold at ten cents a copy or sent to any address at \$2.50 per annum.

There was frost last night at Fort Buford, the mercury dropping to forty-one. At Bismarck it was cool, the thermometer registering 45, but no frost in sight.

John Wetley was at Valley City on Thursday with one hundred and thirty head of cattle en route to Bismarck. They come from Stevens County, Minnesota.

Daily mail service commenced between Bismarck and Standing Rock on the 1st inst., and Keogh route on the 11th inst., making six daily mails in and out of Bismarck.

The post-master of Brainerd is a defaulter to the extent of \$3,000. E. H. Bly of this city, and Kindred of Fargo, are on his bond. The defaulter (S. W. Sherwood) is now in jail in St. Paul.

Col. Harry Brownson, formerly of Bismarck, delivered the 4th of July oration at Evanston, Wyoming. It was printed in full in the Evanston Age. Col. Brownson has been recently ordered to Fort Rawlins.

Tuesday evening there was a pleasant hop given at the Sheridan to Misses Smith and Browning, the Winona belles and the Misses Moore. At Ft Yates the visit of Misses Smith and Browning was distinguished by three halls.

Geo. Joy has ten acres of oats that will yield 700 bushels. The Stark farm of 510 acres will average 55 bushels to the acre. The very poorest yield will be from a small piece struck by hail which will go not less than forty bushels per acre.

Charles Collins and wife were passengers on the steamer Fontenelle. They will get off at Brule City, the prospective terminus of the Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. The *Champion* outfit accompanied him. Charley will start another newspaper but with another name—the Brule City Times.

J. B. Bailey's elegant sorrel mare has entirely recovered from her recent indisposition. Those who have fine horses should watch a little out for them this hot weather. Jerry Duane lost one of his best from heat. D. W. Maratta having sold his sorrel has purchased a fine bay of A. H. Wilder, St. Paul.

Mrs. Linn's millinery establishment is attracting considerable attention and is drawing from abroad much custom. Mrs. Linn received a telegraphic order yesterday for two elegant silk dresses from Fort Keogh, and several orders from Fort Lincoln for ladies about to change their station. She keeps constantly employed eight ladies and expects in the course of the season to add others. Her work gives general satisfaction.

Two thieves tried to get away with a horse from Sol Sunderland's stable a few nights ago, just as Sol was coming home from the Pacific. Two or three well directed shots saved the horse and brought the thieves to the ground. Recovering they got away. It is well to remark that Sol Sunderland has suffered from tramps and thieves and knows how to deal with them. He is the best pistol shot in town.

Mr. Bragg, of the Montana Market, killed 32 Montana steers last month which netted, dressed, over 22,000 pounds, and they were the smallest from his herd. The Montana beef in the Bismarck market this year is the best that has ever been in the market. In addition to the thirty-two steers killed by Mr. Bragg during July, he used thirty-odd sheep and a large amount of pork and veal. Bismarck has been well fed.

WEEKLY WEATHER REPORT.

BISMARCK, D. T., Aug. 2, 1879.			
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
Barometer.	30.154	29.789	29.968
Thermometer.	92	52	68.9
Humidity, (Rel.)	95	43	65.9
Wind's hourly velocity.	32	0	05.9
Winds, prevalent direction.	N.		
Winds, total movement, 1450 miles.	N. E. 27.		
Lunar Halo.	1.		
Solar Halo.	0.		

MONTHLY WEATHER REPORT FOR JULY, 1879.

	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
Barometer.	30.196	29.666	29.960
Temperature.	95	48	70.6
Monthly range of Barometer.	0.530		
Temperature.	47		
Greatest daily range of Temperature.	33		
Least.	12		
Mean of daily maxima.	81.0		
" minimum.	58.7		
Range of temp.	22.3		
Relative Humidity.	66.6		
Total Rainfall.	4.27		
Prevailing Wind.	SE		
Maximum.	52 NE		
Total number of miles of wind.	6,844		
Number of clear days.	15		
" fair.	13		
" of cloudy days on which rain fell.	1		
" no rain fell.	2		
" rain fell.	15		

Note: Barometer corrected for temperature and levation.

C. S. WIXOM, Pvt. Signal Corps U. S. A.

Office, U. S. Mil. Tel. Station.

Beware of Religious Imposters.

I learn by a reliable gentleman of this city, that a certain priest by the name of Father McLone, formerly priest at Fargo, and now without a place or occupation, is showing letters of Rt. Rev. Bishop Seidenbush under false pretenses. If it is true, I wish to warn my people, especially along the extension of the N. P. R. R. Father McLone, for the time being, having been silenced by his bishop, has no right to collect for any church at all because he is in charge of no church. At the same time I have to mention that the Sisters who attempted to collect in Fort Lincoln this week were imposters as I ascertained by

other Sisters. They are runaway Sisters from Milwaukee. There are besides other Sisters around collecting without my permission and without permission of their bishop. They say they came from St. Paul, perhaps they are imposters, too. I warn people not to give any alms to such religious vagabonds. Decent people will be recommended by my authority as local rector and agent of all Catholic interests at home and abroad. Let always charity begin at home. If you have anything to spare give it to the poor Sisters of Bismarck, who are poorer than any of these vagabond Sisters.

P. CHRYSOSTOM POPPA,
O. S. B.

A Sporting Hall.

Bismarck is known far and wide for the disposition of a good portion of its people to indulge the propensities for sporting, consequently one of its first institutions was a keno hall with the sign, "Keno Every Night," publicly displayed. The keno halls have always been on the principal streets and the clear, ringing voice of the dealer may be heard at all times o'night. Nightly large crowds have always gathered and, while the majority of them are loungers or mere lookers on, not a few engage in other games faro, hazzard, roulette, chuckknock, short, faro, as well as keno being played openly. While not an advocate of gambling in any form, it does seem that this open business is far preferable to gambling with closed doors. As long as men live and crave excitement they will gamble and there is little use in trying to prevent them doing so. The keno halls are spoken of because they draw the larger crowds and because here there is a greater liability, perhaps, to arise quarrels and broils than at any other place, but it can be said to the credit of the manager of the present hall, Mr. Geo. W. Elder, that during the three months he has run the hall there has been no quarrelling, no brawls of any sort, and if the hall is in any sense a nuisance its nearest neighbors have not discovered it. Last night there were 240 persons present at Elder's Pacific keno hall during the evening.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending, Saturday, July 26, 1879:

Adams J Q	Kelly Eugene
Anderson L E	Lee Mrs. D. P.
Bowdy B. J.	Lynch Frank J.
Radford Dick	Link Henry B.
Buss Edward	Morse B. J.
Black G. W.	McCue Frank
Bowling Edward	Magoffin John
Brown Hannah	Moore Joseph
Bull John	McKie E. J.
Brantover Mrs. S. A.	Mathews Wm. F.
Black M. H.	Preston Fred
Boyer Willis B.	Porter Henry 2
Bailey, Bill	Plant James
Back Wm.	Pickering Milton
Budd Wm. L.	Ransom Fayette
Crowley John	Roach Morris
Cramer S. S.	Rich W. C.
Corbett Wm.	Smith Arthur 6
Dillon Chas.	Shuman Albert E.
Drury Mary	Sheet H. P.
Dowds Thomas	Smith Paul
Ellister Fred	Sheehan T. B.
Eberly J. B.	Thomas Chas.
Elliott, Miss Maggie	Thomas H. P.
Eads Wm.	Thorpe Rolfe L.
Gowan Geo. F. 2	Uhlman John
Givens, Lewis	Vail C. H.
Garness Eiling	Weldon C. F.
Gardner Geo.	Wicks Albert
Geist Miss Josephine	Wells Edw. 2
Gross N.	Willig G. F.
Gettes R. W.	Walker Geo. G.
Gair Wm. McKinzie	Whipple F. S.
Legarthy Wm.	Young W. E.
Hilliard Wm. B.	

If the above letters are not called for in Thirty Days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington. Persons calling for any of the above will please say "Advised Letters," and give date of list.

Starving to Death.

It will be remembered that a year or two ago, a man going to Tongue river via a freight train was lost. He wandered about the prairies some days without a morsel of food, and finally finding some wolf bait he ate that. His stomach was so weak, however, that it rejected the food which he ate again and again as it was expelled undigested from his system. He relates some interesting facts in connection with his days of suffering, and declares that he then vowed that if he ever recovered from the effects of that long fast he would never again go beyond the sound of Forster's dinner bell. Weak and almost famished he would sink exhausted, and dozing would dream of rivers of the most delicious coffee, with just such cream as one always finds at Forster's, and of mountains of the most delicious light and butter, and forests of fruit, with reindeer and rabbits running about already cooked; of angel water brooks, bearing caskets of ice cream and beautiful brooks, with nice cooked speckled trout, and such delicious steaks, and such nice vegetables. He declares that the pleasure of anticipation is so great that it almost pays to starve, particularly if one is near enough to Bismarck to realize a hundred per cent on his dreams of bliss, as all who patronize Forster's new restaurant on Third St. Forster, it should be remembered, established the first first-class restaurant in Bismarck and has always held and satisfied the first-class custom.

Grove Lake Academy, for Boys and Young Men.

Business will be resumed at the above School on Wednesday, September 3d, and continue until April 1st, following. This is a school of special studies where young men can study such subjects as they need most. No studies—each pupil recites alone and receives individual and special aid. It is adapted to all grades of talent and proficiency. The buildings have been enlarged this summer and comprise two dormitories, three recitation rooms, a large study hall and ward-room. For full particulars address the Principal, Grove Lake, Pope Co., Minn. 10-13

Growing.

Day & Plants have added largely to their stock of jewelry and sewing machines.

Notice.

All Jurors and witnesses who were in attendance during the July term of the district court will call at the clerk of court's office and get a certificate of the amount due them.

EMER N. COREY,
Clerk of District Court.

Neat Dwelling for Sale.

One of the neatest residences in the city for sale. Rented until April at \$20 per month. Price \$900 cash. A first-class investment.

LOUNSBERRY & BENTLEY.

San Francisco Laundry.

In ordering his advertising Sam Lee, successor to Sam Lung, desired THE TRIBUNE to say that Sam Lee he was like a—1 cheapest place in the city, that Sing Lee, the rival laundry, no washee worth a d—

Laundress Wanted

At the Capitol Hotel.

L. N. GRIFFIN.

Nothing to Regret.

As we pass along life's journey, if we look back occasionally, at our night, with not much to regret. Many opportunities for enjoy-

ment, it will be seen, have been passed; many a heart it would have been lighter if we had taken its possessor to Harms' ice cream parlor and indulged in a liberal outlay for ice cream, cake, fresh fruits, and the latest magazines and newspapers. Those who adopt that course have nothing to regret.

Proposals for Church Construction.

Notice is hereby given that the time for receiving proposals for the construction of the Episcopal Church, at Bismarck, D. T., has been extended from Saturday, July 26th, at 8 p. m., until Tuesday July 29th at 8 p. m. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of Robert Macnider.

GEO. M. BIRD,
ROBERT MACNIDER,
C. A. LOUNSBERRY,
Committee.

Bismarck, July 29, 1879.

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.
M. P. SLATTERY,
12nd St. Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Money to Loan.

On Real Estate or approved collaterals.
GEO. P. FLANNERY.

A Sure Cure For Piles.

A sure cure for the blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. William (an Indian remedy), called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst old chronic cases of twenty-five and thirty years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electrocutes do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and nothing else.

257-1 consulted physicians in Philadelphia, Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and this city, and spent hundreds of dollars, and found no relief until I obtained a box of Dr. William's Indian Ointment some four months ago, and it has cured me completely.

JOSEPH M. RYDER, Cleveland, O.
"Has done me more good than all the medicine I ever tried, and I have spent more than \$100 with doctors besides medicines I am sure cost me more than \$40."

DAVID STARLING, Ingraham, Ill.
"Have suffered twenty years with itching and ulcerated piles, having used every remedy that came to my notice without benefit, until I used Indian Ointment and received immediate relief."
JAMES C. WARD, (an old miner), Tecoma, Nev.
"No Pile Remedy ever gained such rapid favor and extensive sale. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. For wholesale by Redington & Co., San Francisco, Cal. 42

Notice of Application for the Appointment of an Administrator of the Estate of James McGarry.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that a petition by John McGarry, Henry McGarry, Thomas McGarry, Helen Mooney and Maggie McGarry, praying that letters of administration be granted and that John C. Barr be appointed administrator of the estate of James McGarry, deceased, has been filed in my office which application will be heard at my office in the city of Bismarck, D. T., at the next general term of the probate court of Burleigh County, on the first Monday, being the 1st day of September, 1879, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

EMER N. COREY,
Judge of Probate.

Dated Aug. 2nd, A. D., 1879.

THE TRIBUNE

JOB OFFICE,

M. H. JEWELL, Proprietor.

MONTANA MARKET,

Corner Second and Main Streets,

JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.,

DEALERS IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH,

POULTRY, GAME,

Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and

Canned Goods.

Special Attention given to the Steam-boat Trade.

SMITH'S

THEATRE COMIQUE,

AND

COTTAGE SALOON,

MILES CITY, MONTANA.

The Pioneer House of the City. Re-built and Fitted up in Elegant Style.

Finest Saloon in the Territory.

All Goods warranted "Straight."

Eastern Travelers Specially Invited.

Mathes, Good & Schurmeier,

THE LARGEST

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

In The Northwest.

Importers and Jobbers of Fine

WOOLENS AND TRIMMINGS,

971 82 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.

GEO. OBERNE, Established H. M. HOSICK, Chicago, 1868. Des Moines, Ia.

BISMARCK BRANCH

Oberne, Hosick & Co.,

DEALERS IN

Hides, Wool, Tallow, Grease,

Pelts and Furs.

191, 193 & 195 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

Branch Houses:

Omaha, 257 & 259 Harney St.
Lincoln, Neb., 12 South 10th St.
Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter., 17th St.
Ottumwa, Iowa, 30 Main St.
Des Moines Iowa, Walnut & Second Sts.
Junction City, Kansas, South 7th St.
Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St.
Pueblo, Colorado.

Refer by permission to Hide and Leather Bank, Chicago.

Special Bargains.

Special Bargains.

AT

DAN. EISENBERG'S,

A NEW SUPPLY OF

SPRING GOODS,

Just Received, Consisting of

DRY GOODS,

LADIES' AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Notions, Etc.

CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

W. B. WATSON,

BISMARCK, - DAKOTA.

Dealer In Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

The Largest and Best Stock in the City and prices that defy competition.

Buying for Cash he Sells for Cash.

DRESS GOODS

of all kinds, SILKS of all shades and colors. Elegant assortment of

Ladies' Ties, Cuffs, Collars and Underwear.

Ladies' Zephyr Shawls, and Sacks; Laces, Hamburg Edgings and Insertions; Hosiery, Etc., in endless variety; White Goods of every sort

Prints of Every Variety.

Bring in your Samples and Compare Prices furnished by Eastern Houses.

MAY 31-9-1

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,

WHOLESALE

GROCERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,

Druggist and Fancy Goods,

BISMARCK, D. T.

W. W. KIMBALL'S

Mammoth Music House,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

ANNUAL SALES, \$1,500,000.

SOLE WESTERN AGENT for the following Instruments:—Hallett Davis & Co., J. P. Hale, and W. W. Kimball Pianos.

W. W. Kimball, and Smith's Organs. Instruments which have an established reputation far and wide, based upon experience in every respect. Old Instruments taken in exchange for New. Satisfaction guaranteed. Every instrument warranted for five years.

F. J. CALL,
BISMARCK, D. T., SOLE AGENT FOR NORTHERN DAKOTA.

Catalogues Free on Application.

Nov 6-9-1879

IMPERFECT PAGE

NEWS AND NOTES.

Fargo is booming.
Bogardus will be at the St. Paul state fair.
The Young-Man-not-afraid-of-his-Sioux—Gen. Miles.
It is suspicion from the cradle to the grave, in France.
The New York *Herald's* daily circulation is 115,000.
Cattle and wool items are frequent in the Benton *Record*.
Fort Benton wants a first-class hotel and a national bank.
It was sitting Bull that "got it"—d quick, and not Miles.
Governor Howard is visiting the old folks in Detroit, Mich.
Paris Gibson, of Minneapolis, has a lumber yard at Benton.
Talmage is getting \$600 a night for his lectures in London.
Gen. Terry has a nicely equipped tent at White Bear Lake, near St. Paul.
Delgate Bennett has been visiting points of interest in Southern Dakota.
Forty million bushels is the estimated yield of the wheat crop of Minnesota.
The town of Volcano, West Va., was totally destroyed by fire, incendiary.
The Jamestown folks dined the Eastern editors and gave them a two hours drive.
England was swept by a terrific storm last Saturday night. Millions of property destroyed.
Tuej Richland County *Gazette* appropriately trots out its roster to crow over the harvest.
Samuel G. Cook, of Washington county, Pa., is the latest addition to the lawyers of Fargo.
The grave of the mother of Abraham Lincoln, at Lincoln City, Ind., is unmarked by stone or tablet.
U. S. District Attorney Campbell has purchased six lots in Fargo, and 480 acres of land down the Red River.
The Custer monument at West Point will be unveiled the last of this month or the first of September.
Adriandack Murray (Rev.) is financially embarrassed. Too much horse flesh and too many backboards.
The Chicago *Tribune* says Jim Blaine is still the plumed knight, whom Ingalls eulogized so eloquently.
A fire at Fort Meade burned out W. S. Fanshawe & Co. The loss is \$30,000 and the insurance \$27,000. Inconvenient.
There is a probability of Gen. Butler and Gen. Garfield orating at the Minneapolis fair, in company with Horatio Seymour.
The War Department doesn't think Sitting Bull has been south of the line, and that is all the War Department knows about it.
Chicago is to have a four mile boulevard—one of the finest drives in America. It will be an extension of Michigan avenue.
The Lanesboro (Minn.) *Advocate* says Sitting Bull is getting notorious again. That is a mistake. Miles has made him flighty.
The Republican convention of Minnesota will meet in St. Paul on Sept. 2d. Pillsbury and Wakefield lead in the race for governor.
Schurz and Surveyor General Stewart are, like Gov. Austin, in the case of the railroads, shaking the fraudulent Sioux scrip holders over a barrel.
In the three past months the Fargo land office has disposed of 68,421 acres. That means over four thousand entries, and probably 10,000 people.
Duluth will have a new brick block next week. Duluth makes sport of the feeling in Minneapolis and St. Paul over the loss of the Duluth railroad.
The Duluth *Tribune* makes an inquiry of the Bismarck *Tribune* that if answered would lead to a religious controversy. Excuse us; this is a secular journal.
"Drifting Goose" burst out crying like a child when he heard the President's order setting aside a reservation for him, read. He is a grateful old goose.
Among the big booms are the Grant boom, the Hayes boom, the Sherman boom, the Windom boom, the wheat boom, the Miles boom, and the Sitting Bull boom. Miles was at the bottom of S. B.'s boom.
U. S. Marshal Raymond has advertised his \$1,000 house for sale in Yankton, ordered material for a residence in Fargo, and with a banker friend from Jackson, Miss., has contracted for three sections of wheat land north of Castle-ton.
John I. Blair, the owner of the Dakota Southern R. R., is making for the Black Hills via the Niobrara Valley. That move was the cause of the Milwaukee road sending its engineers up the same route. It will be a struggle of railway giants.
The Black Hills *Times* revises its impression that Gen. Sturgis was an old man, and says: "On the contrary he is a well preserved, active, and apparently a middle-aged man, round and plump as one could wish to be, with but a very light sprinkling of the 'silver threads among the gold'.
Ansley Gray's career as a speaker of the Dakota Legislature was not brilliant. He was often so drunk as to be incoherent, and his heavy expenditures drove him to raising money by worthless checks. At the close of the session he went eastward on a spree, leaving debts to mark his way, until an alleged forger compelled him to fly from the officers of the law.—[New York Sun.
The Lanesboro *Journal* says that Governor Pillsbury can never again be a Republican candidate for governor, because he (Pillsbury) is "lost in the sombre shades of Wilson's nose." Some little idea may be gathered as to the size of those nose when it is remembered that the governor is no baby in size.—tipping the beam in the neighborhood of 300

THE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

ITEMS CORRALED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE.

The Yellow Fever an Epidemic—A Terrific Fire—Sleepy Tom—A Second Beecher Scandal—Indian Massacre.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

SHORT.

ST. PAUL, August 8.—The property of Durfee and his mother has been attached by the Merchants and Mechanics Bank of Fall river for seventy-five thousand dollars he is short to the mills.

THE SCULLER'S MATCH.

Enis Morris, of Pittsburg, and Warren Smith, of Halifax, have arranged a sculling match at Bedford in September.

ZULU DOESN'T SURRENDER.

Citwayo's offer to surrender proves a fabrication.

THE CHEYENNE RAID.

The senatorial committee to investigate the Cheyenne raid through Kansas a year ago and the consequences convene at Lawrence on the 12th.

FOURTEEN NEW CASES

of fever are reported at Memphis this morning; eight colored. Five deaths since last night. Two additional physicians have been assigned to duty. It has rained steadily since nine o'clock last night.

SHERIDAN'S RELIEF.

Judge Wallace of the U. S. circuit court has denied a motion for a new trial in the case of James A. Whalen, Kittana plantation, Louisiana, against Gen. Sheridan for trespass.

BANK RUN.

Villemarie Bank of Montreal, has suspended; liabilities seven hundred thousand dollars. There is run on Hochilajo Bank, the city and district savings bank. There is great excitement.

HANGED.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 9.—Jacob E. Hairlane was hanged yesterday inside of the jail at San Antonio, Texas, for the murder of Peter Maddox, February last.

INDIAN MASSACRE.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—The Indian Agent at Flathead Agency, Montana, reports the massacre of eight Nez Perces by a war party supposed to be Gros Ventres.

A DOCTOR IN LUCK.

Dr. Beardsley, of Burlington, Iowa, has been appointed fourth auditor of the treasury in place of Judge Tabor, resigned.

SLEEPY TOM AGAIN.

BUFFALO, Aug. 9.—The purse for five thousand dollars, open to trotters and pacers, four heats, was won by Sleepy Tom. No trotters entered.

A DOMESTIC MINSTREL.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—Cool Burgess, the minstrel, was arrested on requisition from Toronto, for the assault on Wedgerly, who is said to be the cause of the estrangement between Cool and wife.

YELLOW JACK IN HAYTI.

Of seventy-five deaths from yellow fever in Hayti, eleven were Americans.

POOL MATCH.

The match for the fifteen ball championship between S. F. Knight and Alonzo Morris was won by Morris.

THE FEVER AN EPIDEMIC.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 9.—The fever is still spreading and will be declared an epidemic Saturday.

THE ZULU TERROR.

LONDON, Aug. 8.—Some correspondents in South Africa appear to think it possible the Catawayo may defeat natives sent against him in which event the prestige gained by the success of the British forces at Ulundi would be lost.

WHEAT ABROAD.

Continental demand for cargoes of grain is unabated. The wheat market generally has recovered from last week's depression.

A REVEREND DIVORCED.

Rev. Newman Hall, the great Congregational pulpit orator, has obtained a divorce from his wife on account of adultery. His wife has brought counter-charges of the same character.

A WAR OF RACES.

QUEBEC, Aug. 8.—The labor troubles have assumed the appearance of a war of races. Last night the prominent English speaking people in Stoeche on Little river were threatened by the French Canadians and they had to ask protection of civil authorities.

A SECOND CHICAGO.

SERAJEVO, Aug. 9.—A fire broke out in the latin quarter of the city which threatens to assume alarming proportions. A thousand buildings burned and ten thousand people homeless. Damages enormous.

Capt. Logan's Seal Ring Found.

A gold seal ring, taken from the finger of a dead Nez Perces Indian at Miles' battle ground, by Valentine, the Ft. Belknap guide and interpreter, was identified, says the Benton *Record*, a few days ago by Maj. Comba as belonging to the late Captain Logan, killed at Big Hole. The ring was accurately described by the Major, who had frequently seen it while worn by the lamented Captain. The valuable relic has been sent to Mrs. Logan.

THE FIRST NATIONAL.

The Stockholders, the Directors and the Officers.

The first regular meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank was held on Wednesday last at the rooms of the Merchants Bank of Bismarck, and after signing the articles of incorporation elected the following directors: George H. Fairchild, Daniel Eisenberg, Dr. H. R. Porter, Asa Fisher and Walter Mann. At a subsequent meeting of the directors Walter Mann, of St. Paul, was elected president and George H. Fairchild, cashier. The stockholders are as follows:

Henry Veits,	Walter Mann,
Geo. H. Fairchild,	H. R. Porter,
Dan Eisenberg,	Dr. H. N. Porter,
John A. McLean,	Mrs. Dr. H. N. Porter,
J. H. Fairchild,	Asa Fisher,
Capt. A. M. Wetherell,	E. L. Strass,
W. B. Watson,	C. R. Williams,
John Yegen,	E. D. Baker,
John Hoagland,	T. M. Joslin,
D. W. Maratta,	N. W. Fairfield,
A. F. Bigelow,	George Peoples,
P. F. Malloy,	J. S. Winston,
A. H. Myers,	Mrs. W. B. Shaw,
Thos. McGown,	Elizabeth McClellan,
W. S. Kenny,	

Henry Veits and J. H. Fairchild are of Oberlin, Ohio; Capt. A. M. Wetherell is stationed at Fort Stevenson; T. M. Joslin and N. W. Fairfield are residents of Romeo, Michigan; Dr. H. N. Porter, of N. Y. Mills; and W. S. Kenny is the wealthy young lawyer of York, Pa., who spent last winter and spring here.

The stock has all been taken and the probability is it will be at a premium before the bank opens its doors for business. There is a general inquiry for it that argues well for the success of the institution.

A ROSY VIEW.

The "Young Man" Scatters Sitting Bull to the Four Winds.

General Terry has received a telegram from Gen. Miles, dated at his camp on Rock Creek, July 28, in which General Miles reports that Major Walsh, of the Canadian mounted police, and Long Dog, had come into his camp and informed him that the whole of the hostiles were moving north and spreading out among the lakes eighty miles north of the line. They assured Gen. Miles that all the hostile Indians, including the Uncapapas, Minneconjoux, Ogalallas and others smaller tribes, estimated in all at between 5,000 and 8,000 people, had decided to remain on Canadian soil; that they will make no hostile movement to this side; that they will stop all raiding parties, will return all stolen property to their camps and will not hunt the buffalo or disturb the game on the Northern reservation unless permitted to do so under the supervision of our officials, and in brief that they will remain and live on Canadian territory. Gen. Terry is very much pleased with the tenor of the dispatch and feels confident that it insures the peace of the frontier for the present if not for all time.

FOUR OF A KIND.

Revolvers, Shot Guns, and a Reckless Use of the Same.

Sunday afternoon a party of colored gentlemen were amusing themselves with a little game of poker on the head of a beer keg at the brewery on the river side, when a difference of opinion caused their bad blood to move. The stakes were a dollar and a jack knife and why it was that there was so much trouble over so little, this inquisitive member of society didn't find out. It was first a sharp crack and a ball through the leg of John Madison. Next the roar of a blunderbuss and the face and breast of John Williams were riddled with shot. Then there was the disappearance of "Buffalo," the man who handled the murderous weapons so indiscriminately. "Buffalo" can live on roots and stand several weeks of prairie life before he will give up. His capture is hardly probable. The wounded men are both in jail, and Madden Burns, who is held as a witness. The merits of the quarrel are not known. The demerits are obvious. Beer and cards were at the bottom of it. Considerable old Adam, too.

A Fatal Step.

Tuesday there was a sad and thrilling scene at the ways. Little Patsy McCormick, son of Ed. McCormick, made a step into the Missouri and went down into one of those treacherous holes. He threw up his hands in terror and cried for help. Several other boys came on the shore, but none were large enough to jump in after him. They wildly threw sticks to him, but their efforts were useless. Patsy floated down stream several hundred yards with his hands up, madly motioning for assistance. He then dropped out of sight. His body has not been recovered. The Missouri seldom yields up its dead. It is a muddy mague where morbid sight seems never go, and friends never find their lost.

Lost Overboard.

Saturday morning before the Helena left a man fell overboard. The splash and cry were heard but there was no one near to help him. Another one was missed from the crew of roustabouts but his fate was not known. Very little notice was taken of the loss of either. Some men are apparently of no account.

A BOOST FOR BISMARCK.

PLANS COMPLETED FOR THE NEW COUNTY BUILDING.

Contract Let for Building the New Church, "The Bread of Life," Work to Commence Immediately.

LANDMARKS OF PROSPERITY.

A. E. Hussey, Bismarck's architect, has prepared plans for the new court house and jail. They provide for a brick structure, costing about sixteen thousand dollars. The balance of the proceeds of the sale of twenty thousand dollars worth of bonds will be used in furnishing the building. The general appearance of the exterior is pleasing. The roof shows four gables, with a bracketed cornice of modern style. The arch over the windows is pointed. Over the front entrance is a porch 7x18 with a balcony on top. The tower or belfry is very pretty. From the ground to the top of the tower the height is seventy-two feet. Crossing the porch and entering the building on the first floor we find the stairway leading to the court room. The paragraph below gives the offices and halls with dimensions and the jail extension:

THE FIRST FLOOR.

The hall of this floor is six feet wide and forty-seven long. Immediately on the left, as the visitor enters is the office of judge of probate, 14x26, a very fine room. On the opposite side of the hall is the treasurer's office, 14x15½. In the rear of the treasurer is the register of deeds' office, 14x26, a commodious apartment. Back of the judge of probate is the office of the clerk of court. In the rear of the clerk's office is the vault for both clerk and register, 6x10. Next is the jailor's office, 12x15, a kitchen for the jail, 15x16½, and the jailor's bed-room, 8x9.

The jail is a one story extension 22x48, furnished with six of Pauly's patent steel-clad cells from St. Louis, set within the walls and surrounded by a four foot corridor. The prisoner's corridor is inside the steel lattice work. The jailor does not have to enter the steel prison but opens the doors simultaneously by a lever box. The prisoners are only allowed the freedom of the corridor of the cells, and cannot reach the jailor's corridor that surrounds the whole. The jail feature is very strong, completely baffling the boldest criminal. There is no such thing as attacking the jailor and escaping through that effective method. Upon the second floor is

THE COURT ROOM.

The height of the ceiling of the court room is eighteen feet in the clear, while the first story is eleven feet in the clear. The bar, 14x35, is one step higher than the audience room and is enclosed by a railing. The clerk's desk is one step above the bar and the judge is one step above the clerk.

There are two rooms for jurors in the rear of the court room—one 15x15½ and the other 15x21. The judge's private room is in front and off the hall leading to the court room. It is 10x12. The court room proper is 35x42.

The total length of the building is 126 feet. It will be no architectural pigmy for this vicinity.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Mr. Hussey has just turned over to the building committee the plans of the Episcopal chapel, "The Bread of Life," and Mr. John Hoagland has received the contract for the erection of the building immediately. It will cost over two thousand dollars independent of pews and furnishing. The site on the ridge back of Mr. Coykendall's residence is in keeping with the beautiful modern gothic architecture of the chapel. The windows of the chapel run into the curved roof similar to the dormer window, breaking it up into gables. There is a heavy cornice projection supported by brackets. There is a neat little tower or belfry. The entrance of the chapel is through a vestibule 8x14. Double doors open from the vestibule into the audience room which is 25x35. The chancel is 8x24 with robing rooms on either side. The windows will be of stained glass. The style and finish of the interior will be very pretty. Altogether there will be no such chapel on the line of the Northern Pacific and as an addition to the architecture of the town will be a constant source of pride.

"A HIGH HANDED OUTRAGE."

Father Chrysostom's Attack Upon Father McGlone.

Father McGlone called on Monday to say the attack of Father Chrysostom, published in the last *TRIBUNE*, was unjust and uncalled for. That having resigned his charge at Fargo and Moorhead he visited Bismarck as a citizen on a business and pleasure trip. In speaking of this subject the Fargo *Republican* says: "The resident priest at Bismarck, over the signature of 'P. Chrysostom Poffa, O. S. B.', makes an attack, in the last *TRIBUNE*, upon the character and standing of Father McGlone, a gentleman, well, favorably and generally known in the community. It is as much a surprise as to be regretted, that Col. Lounsbury, the genial editor of *THE TRIBUNE*, should have permitted so infamous an attack upon Father McGlone, without injury. Father Poffa ought to be taken in hands by the bishop for committing such a high handed outrage."

PURELY PERSONAL.

Prince Bismarck is a silver man.
The yellow fever is still spreading.
Charles Fechter, the actor, is dead.
The crops in England and France are poor.
E. H. Bly has gone below for a couple of weeks.
Mr. Davis is in charge of the R. R. telegraph office.

James Lehmer has gone to Ft. Assinabohne on business.

Jerry Duane is going to Miles City with his fine hack.

Blackburn was elected governor of Ky. by 30,000 majority.

Capt. Nick Buesen will visit Europe, remaining until spring.

George Reed is the clerk on the Northern Pacific transfer boat.

Col. C. A. Lounsbury is on a business trip to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Popular Tom Winston, of Fort Berthold, is a visitor to Bismarck and Mandan.

Mrs. H. M. Dean, of St. Louis, the mother of Mrs. Col. Clifford, is visiting at Fort Lincoln.

Chaplain Dodd, wife and son will be on the Josephine passenger list for Fort Assinabohne.

Chief Justice Shannon is receiving a warm welcome on his visit to his old home in Alleghany City, Pa.

"Black Jack," the successful miner of the Hills, returned from the East, this week, with his wife.

J. W. Raymond and Joseph Pennell will arrive on the Josephine this evening from their Montana trip.

Mrs. Burleigh returned to Yankton on the Butte. The Doctor goes to Miles City on the first steamer.

Thos. Canfield and wife, F. A. Woodbridge and Miss Woodbridge, of Vermont, visited Bismarck Wednesday.

W. H. Grant, Esq., of St. Paul, and the immigration agent of Minnesota, J. W. Bond, came in on Thursday's train.

Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Wolf visited Standing Rock Tuesday, returning Wednesday evening.

Capt. J. C. Barr and Capt. McGarry's brother went down to Sioux City on the Butte, with her 150 tons of wool and thirty of ore.

Postmaster Sherwood, of Brainerd, has paid his entire deficit within \$100 and thus protected his bondsmen, including Mr. Bly.

Miss Smith and Miss Browning are completing their visit in this section by an excursion up the Missouri on the steamer Key West.

Capt. Massie and his wife left on the steamer Red Cloud for St. Louis. The Capt. will not be able to walk for several months yet.

Eads, of jetty fame, wants to build a railroad over the Isthmus of Darien big enough to carry a whole ship at a time. Eads is our man.

The family of Major McElrath, of the *Yellowstone Journal*, will go up to Miles City on the Batchelor. They are direct from New York.

Jas. Taylor and G. H. Mason, prominent business men of Kalamazoo, Michigan, are in Bismarck looking over the chances of investment.

Charles Reeve, one of the typical men of that booming city, Minneapolis, visited Bismarck and Mandan Saturday. He has lots in Mandan.

Mr. Mulvaney, the New York artist, made a very pretty sketch of the mill at twilight, and several at the steamboat landing that are very fine indeed.

Mr. Kingsbury, of the *Press and Dakotan*, was a passenger on Monday's coach to the Hills. Ditto, U. S. Marshal Raymond and his son Warren.

R. C. Thwaites, associate editor of the Wisconsin state *Journal* and correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*, arrived at the Sheridan last evening.

J. W. Stewart, one of Chicago's solid men and a county commissioner in that village, spent the fore part of the week in this city. He was delighted with the prosperity of the country.

Two cars of the Pennsylvania Central arrived last evening for the Yellowstone Park party of that road, headed by General Manager Thompson, who are expected down to-day on the Josephine.

The Kendall Bros., of Lincoln and Omaha, Nebraska, and Mr. Gault, of Dubuque, have gone up to Poplar River Agency to investigate the pecuniary value of John Thompson's forty thousand dollar trading establishment.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, who run the "Press on Wheels" during the building of the Union Pacific, have started the *Frontier Index* at Butte, Mt. It is a newsy sheet, \$5 a year, and half the size of the *Tribune*.

Major Arthur arrived Sunday from Ft. Assinabohne. He reports that Col. Lee, quartermaster, is rushing the building of the post. He is turning out 75,000 bricks per day, and will put them into the superstructures so fast that all the projected quarters will be under roof before the blasts of the northern winter set in.

Judge J. W. McKelvey, accompanied by Wm. Barrett, a leading lawyer of St. Cloud, Minnesota, were in the city this week on a pleasure trip. The Judge has been on the bench in St. Cloud for nearly twenty years and is one of the most popular men in his state. His just rulings and fearless decisions have won for him not only the respect of the bar but the implicit confidence of the people regardless of political cast.

The Yellowstone End.

The engineering party of the N. P. R. will leave here on a steamer about the 14th for Glendive on the Yellowstone. A company of soldiers with six mule teams will accompany them. This party will locate the line of the Missouri Division east from the Yellowstone river. This movement shows the earnestness of the N. P. management.

A lassie lives on yonder hill,
Whose step is light as air;
Her laugh is like the rippling rill.
Her brow is passing fair.
No eye so bright, no smile so sweet,
No lip so like a cherry;
Of all the maids I've chanced to meet,
Ah, none so blithe and merry!

One vernal morn, when still the grass
With dew was sparkling bright,
I saw the loveliest maiden pass,
And wondered at the sight.
For on her white and beautiful brow—
With sweeter charm invested—
A wreath, plucked freshly from the bough,
Of apple blossoms rested,

Ah, ne'er did coronal so rare
On royal head repose;
No gem of lily so matchless fair
As each half-opened rose.
Yet well, we thought, this lovely wreath,
With dewy drops still laden,
Befit the radiant brow beneath
Of this most queenly maiden

She passed, but still the vision staid,
Till in my heart there grew
An image beautifully arrayed
In blossoms wet with dew.
And now—but ah! that tale is told;
Why o'er it longer tarry?
That radiant brow, ere June is old,
An orange wreath shall carry.

—Harper's Weekly.

ALBERT GALLATIN.

There can be no hesitation in declaring that this is one of the most important and reliable contributions to American and even to general history that has appeared since, nearly fifty years ago, Jared Sparks devoted himself to collecting, editing, and publishing the writings of George Washington, the diplomatic correspondence of the Revolution, and the biographies of the leading men, whether soldiers or statesmen, who, by labor of head or hand, worked out by the aid of Divine Providence, the independence of the United States. From the same publishers we had, a few years ago, in many volumes, edited by his son, portions of the Diary of John Quincy Adams, highly interesting in many respects, but rather showing the unfortunate snappish disposition and bad temper of that able statesman, than elucidating the causes and the details of the public events in which he was concerned.

In the volumes before us, we have Albert Gallatin, a great man among the giants of our young republic, with a good deal of his correspondence with the leaders of that time. He held "the pen of a ready writer," and expressed his views with clearness and candor. His collected writings would fill many volumes, but the most important of them, nearly all of which have hitherto been unpublished, are presented in the present work, edited by Mr. Henry Adams. It is to be borne in mind that Mr. Gallatin, who died in 1849, in his 89th year, was an honored and useful publicist, in this his adopted country, for over sixty years. Mr. Adams has judiciously given not alone Mr. Gallatin's correspondence upon public affairs with distinguished contemporaries here and in Europe, but also many letters from them to himself. The series, extensive and important, includes the Presidents under whom he held high office, at home and abroad.

Too often have we had to complain of the issue of important works without that indispensable key to their contents—a good index. The collective edition of Charles Sumner's compositions errs, by being needlessly, even absurdly minute. These Gallatin volumes, however, are properly completed in this respect. There are several indexes: I., letters written by him from September, 1794, to May 1843, II., of Gallatin's writings, published during his lifetime, including his speeches in Congress; III., letters written to him; IV., miscellaneous letters and papers; from 1814 to 1808, and V., a very good general index. To show the richness of this epistolary collection we may mention that here, written by Gallatin, are 155 letters to Thomas Jefferson, 31 to James Madison, 34 to James Monroe, 44 to John Quincy Adams, and hundreds of others to various persons of note, with replies from most of them. In fact, through an unusually long life Albert Gallatin was very much consulted and relied upon by leading men, here and abroad. Let us see what manner of man was this foreigner, a naturalized citizen of Pennsylvania.

Albert Gallatin, was born in Geneva, in January, 1761, belonging to a respectable family which had been settled in Switzerland early in the fourteenth century. He was nearly related to M. Neckker, finance minister to Louis XVI. of France and to Madame de Stael, his more distinguished daughter. At the age of 15 the lad entered the University of Geneva, where he graduated in 1779. He was offered a commission as lieutenant colonel by one of the then numerous petty sovereigns of Germany, but being a very pronounced republican, came to America, then waging her war for independence. This was in 1780. When he was 19 years old, and immediately after his arrival, he accepted the defensive command of a small fort in Maine but as he never had occasion to draw his sword in that capacity, modestly declined to accept the title, in after years, of a "Soldier of the Revolution." The patriot force in that remote part of the country being out of funds, Gallatin lent \$600 to Captain Allen, who commanded that small force taking an order on the United States treasury for that sum; but on presentation at Boston the authorities there were out of cash, and Gallatin, finally, had to sell his draft for one-third of its face value. Remaining in Boston, he became a French teacher in Harvard College until 1784. Having received the proceeds of his patrimony in Switzerland, he went to Virginia, where he made a favorable impression on Washington, who desired to employ him as land agent for his estates. Following the advice of Patrick Henry, he purchased 400 acres of land on the banks of the Monongahela,

in Pennsylvania. In 1798 he wrote to a friend, "I am a bad farmer, and have been unfortunate in some mercantile pursuits I had embraced. I have just made out to live independent, and am neither richer nor poorer than I was twelve years ago; the fact is, I am not well calculated to make money, as I care but little about it, for I want but little for myself, and my mind pursues other objects with more pleasure than mere business."

In 1789, Gallatin was a member of the convention to revise the Constitution of Pennsylvania, and during the next nine years was either a member of the State Legislature or of Congress; indeed, in 1793, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, but was excluded from that office by a strict party vote, on the ground that he was ineligible from the fact that nine years had not elapsed since he had become a naturalized citizen. He was elected, however, to the House of Representatives strictly as a no party man, and so highly distinguished himself as a good speaker and a close debater that he ranked high among the Republican leaders in the House. He retained this distinction until, early in 1801, President Jefferson appointed him secretary of the treasury, which office he retained for twelve years.

In March, 1813, Mr. Gallatin was appointed by President Monroe, with J. Q. Adams and J. A. Bayard, as one of the envoys extraordinary of the United States to negotiate with Great Britain under the mediation of Russia. The result was the treaty of Ghent, signed on Christmas day, 1814. In the following year he assisted in forming an Anglo-American commercial treaty. From 1816 until 1823 he was United States minister in Paris, and within that period also acted on extraordinary missions to the Netherlands and to England. He declined President Monroe's offer of the office of secretary of state. In May, 1824, the Republicans offered to nominate him for the vice presidency. He accepted this honor, but formally declined it five months later, on the assurance of his party that his candidacy would be injurious to the presidential prospects of Mr. Crawford. No one seems to have thought of a difficulty that might result from the election to the vice presidency of a foreigner, in the event of a death-vacancy in the presidency.

In 1826-27 Mr. Gallatin was ambassador to England, in the highly important crisis caused by the accession of Mr. Canning and Liberals to the administration. Returning to this country in December, 1827, he fixed his abode in New York. From 1831 to 1839 he was president of the National bank there, and, on his resignation in the latter year, was succeeded by his son James. The remainder of his life he devoted to literature, occasionally writing on public affairs, particularly on the Oregon question, in 1846, and the Mexican War, two years later. He died in August, 1849.

Albert Gallatin did not belong to the order of "self-made men," a modern class of citizens whose chief merit appears to be that they have amassed great wealth. When minister at Paris, after the Restoration, he successfully conducted with the great house of the Barings the negotiation of a loan for the French government. Mr. Alexander Baring (created Lord Ashburton in 1835) pressed him to take a part of this loan, showing how, without risk and without trouble, he must easily realize what to him would be an independent fortune. Gallatin firmly resisted this tempting offer, saying, "I cannot accept it because the man who had the direction of the finances of his country as long as I have had, should not die rich." In one of his letters, Mr. Gallatin states that during the twelve years he was secretary of the treasury he asked for only two appointments, one of which was to a small office.

It will be apparent, we think, even from our rapid sketch of Gallatin, that his correspondence, here given very fully, must be of interest and importance. He appears to have had "troops of friends" with whom he held the most confidential relations. Of all the letters, those of Thomas Jefferson are the most characteristic. In January 1807, when president, he wrote: "The appointment of a woman to office is an innovation for which the public is not prepared, nor am I." It is curious, now, to read a letter from Jefferson, written in 1815, introducing Mr. George Ticknor, "a young gentleman" of Boston, who had brought high recommendations from ex-President John Adams, and is described as "excellently educated, learned, industrious, eager after knowledge," and also "amiable, modest and correct in his deportment." A little later, September, 1816, Jefferson wrote that, Congress in that year, having passed a law "giving themselves \$1,500 a year," had raised against that body "so unanimous an opinion of the people, and that through every State of the Union," which would so operate at the election that "the entire mass will go out, not only those who supported the law or voted for it, or who skulked from the vote, but those who voted against it or opposed it actively, if they took the money; and the examples of refusals to take it were very few." He adds: "The next Congress, then, Federal as well as Republican, will be almost wholly of new members." How far was this prediction fulfilled? It is to be regretted that several letters here, in French, have not been translated, and the same is to be said of the copious Gallatin genealogy, which is partly in French and partly in Latin. With this exception, this work is worthy of the highest commendation, as a valuable addition to American history.

*The Writings of Albert Gallatin. Edited by Henry Adams. Three volumes, octavo; pp. 2,036. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

That milk can always be kept sweet by adding to it a very small quantity of borax.

ANIMAL FOOD.

The flesh food that civilized people consume, is either vegetable, or meat derived from vegetable feeders. The principle meats are beef, mutton, veal, lamb, domestic fowl and game. The nutritive value of each kind of meat depends on age, mode of life, nature of feeding, mode of death and upon the peculiar character of each kind of flesh.

The flesh of the young is more tender than that of the old, but it is less easily digested, veal and lamb, are harder of digestion than that of beef and mutton. The flesh of the young is more gelatinous, less stimulated and less nutritious than that of the old, which contains more fibre and osmazome, or the flavoring principle. The flesh of very young animals, as calves of ten days old is soft, flat and insipid. Experience shows that cattle of middle age yield the best flavored beef, and more nutritious and more easily digested than that of young animals. Sex influences the quality of the flesh—that of the female is more finely grained and delicate than that of the male.

It is a matter of common observation, that most animals are in a better state for the consumption of the human family, in some seasons than in others. Ordinarily, it is in its best condition in the late autumnal and early winter months, simply because animals usually have a large supply of fresh, summer, and autumnal food. Mutton and beef are always good, but still are more succulent and juicy during summer, autumn and early winter. The venison of the male deer is in its best condition from June to September. That of the doe in that winter. The expression "in season and out of season" applied to animals is full of meaning, and indicates, among other things, that the flesh of animals is in a better, healthier state for human food at some seasons than at others. The mode of life has an influence upon the flesh of animals. Those that lead a wild and active lives are less fat than those who are lazy and well fed. The flesh of the wild has a higher color than that of the tame, and is decidedly gamy.

The food animals consume modifies the character of their flesh. Turnips yield a peculiar flavor to mutton. The flavor of mutton from sheep who have lived upon the highland, is different from that of sheep who have obtained their food chiefly from the lowlands. The garlic of the meadows and some fragrant herbs modify the flavor of the meat. Oily food tends to make the fat soft. Hens partly fed on scraps of decaying meat, yield eggs that are at once unpleasant to the taste and unhealthy. Feeding animals for human food, is, then, of great importance and demands experience. It is not enough that food makes fat—it should also impart an agreeable flavor.

The mode of death, in its effects upon the flesh, is well illustrated by the fact that violent exercise just previous to death, increases its tenderness. The flesh of hunted animals is well known for its tenderness. Slaughtering animals by bleeding them involves a waste of nutritive material, but it renders their flesh more pleasant to the eye and more delicate to the taste. It renders their meat whiter, better flavored, and susceptible of keeping for a considerable length of time without tainting. The Jews of the present day are wise, and will not eat the flesh of any animal that has not been slaughtered in harmony with their ancient laws, and by one of their own order of faith and practice.

Meat is more or less improved by allowing it to hang in cool temperatures for some days after the creature has retired from life. The analyses of meat greatly vary. The relative amount of lean and fat depends upon the many circumstances to which we have just referred and to the amount of exercise the animal may take to the temperature in which it lives, and the purity of the air it may inhale and absorb. The general character of special meat should be known. Beef has a firmer texture, is more satisfying to the stomach, and possesses greater strengthening power than mutton, but mutton is more easy of digestion, and still a few persons may be found who cannot digest it. It induces violent vomiting and diarrhoea in some. Veal and lamb, though tender, yet, resist the digestive force of some stomachs, and yield less strength than beef; so they should not be given to children with weak stomachs.

Pork is the most difficult of all meats to digest. Smoked meats are much less digestible than fresh. With lean meats, as veal, chicken, rabbit, or with food rich in plaster material, as eggs, beans and peas, give the proper supply of plaster and heat making materials. Venison is lean and savory; it is one of the most digestible of meats.

The relative amount of bone in animals varies with their condition. Twenty per cent. of the entire animal may be a fair average. In the neck and brisket of beef it is 10 per cent. In the shins and legs, an average may be 50 per cent. of its total weight.

Birds of various sorts are nutritious. Some wild birds, as the pheasant feed on the buds of the laurel, or as the partridge on the same become poisonous. The flesh of birds differ from that of mammals, in that it is not marbled, or its fibres are not mixed with fat. The flesh of different birds varies in its coloring, from white to dark. The wings and breast are drier, whiter, and more delicate in taste than legs, but the latter are higher flavored. The color varies in different parts of the same birds. In the black cock the outer layer of the breast is brown, while the inner layer is white.

The fowl, turkey and guinea-fowl amongst poultry have white flesh, that is tender, delicate and easy of digestion—is more stimulating than ordinary meat, and so is fit for the weak stomach of every human life, and those persons who

are in a state of convalescence. The flesh of the goose and duck is richer, harder, stronger-tasted, and difficult of digestion, for early life and dyspeptics. The fattening of poultry, their tenderness and flavor depend upon the quality of the food they eat, and the quietness of their lives. Tame birds need pure water, nutritious food, and rest. Sexless birds grow to a larger size, fatten better, are more tender, and better flavored than those that remain in a normal state.

The flesh of game contains but a small amount of fat. It is usually tender and easily digested, has a delicate flavor, that is much increased by keeping. Each kind of bird has its peculiar flavor. That of the the partridge, quail, snipe and woodcock are delicate. The latter two are richer than the former. Game birds tempt the appetite of the invalid. Its tenderness and digestibility fits it for the stomach of invalids and of early life. Wild birds, such as the quail and robin are particularly valuable for the nourishment of the sick. The breast being the preferable parts. Pigeons and other smaller birds have flesh with a tenderness depending upon the creature's size and age. The flesh of the hare and rabbit somewhat resembles poultry and game. The flesh of the hare is more savory and stimulating than that of the rabbit. The latter is more tender and its fibres are close and so less digestible than some other kinds of animal food.

A train boy got rather taken in on the Pennsylvania road the other day. He distributed the usual candy and cake packages through an emigrant train, and when he came back to gather them up the foreigners had disposed of the goodies and thrown the empty boxes out of the window. They thought it was a free lunch furnished by the conductor, and could not be got to pay for it either.

It has often been said that hanging is the worst use to which a man can be put. A peculiar social economist in Boston has advanced a novel proposition for dealing with murderers, who can be made, he thinks, to serve humanity far better than by execution. He d piores ordinary capital punishment because it is a waste and destruction of valuable forces and energies which should be conserved. Alluding to, the fact that a finger entirely severed from the hand, accidentally or otherwise, may grow again if replaced in season, held in position, and skillfully treated, to the practice in surgery of skin grafting and to transfusion of blood from the strong to the weak, he argues that a healthy eye could, with the observation of proper conditions, be engrafted on the muscles and nerves that had been cut from a diseased or imperfect eye. Instead of sending a murderer to the gallows, he would turn him over to physicians and surgeons, if he were sound and vigorous, to be used for the corporeal benefit of suffering humanity. He would give the culprit's eyes, fingers, toes, skin, teeth, scalp, whatever might be made available to those who needed them, removing them under the influence of anaesthetics. If the murderer should die, it would be no more than his doom, and he would be by his death a benefactor to his race, instead of, as now, a demoralizing example.

English dress-makers are using garnet maroon and blue sateen for walking-skirts. The overdresses of these costumes are made of pekin.

Mountain dresses for young girls have single skirts, plain in front and kilt-plaited behind, and trimmed with three rows of white braid.

Bretagne lace dresses are an entirely new development of fashion, and will probably be as popular as they are chaste, airy and graceful.

PIONEER HARDWARE STORE, GEORGE PEOPLES,

Having Purchased the Entire Business of R. C. SEIP & CO. I Shall Put in
NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK
IN EVERY LINE, AND BE PREPARED TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING USUALLY
KEPT IN HARDWARE STORES AT LOWER PRICES
THAN HERETOFORE.

COOK STOVES,

Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates.
Tinware, Steamboat Supplies, Kitchen Ware, &c.

Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.
Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

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LITTLE ELISE.
Two small white hands, with fingers meekly
folded
Upon her quiet breast;
A sweet pale face that seems in marble mold
ed;
Is she at rest?
Did she grow weary at her happy play,
And will she wake again at close of day?
No, little Elise never more will waken
To smile or play;
The angel (scarce more pure) have come and
taken
Our pet away;
And yet we think her spirit cannot be
More lovely than this little form we see.
On the dear lips a tint of rose still lingers,
Reluctant to depart;
And as we press the dimpled ice-cold fin-
gers
In anguish to our heart,
We cannot find it in our hearts to spare
To the dark grave a thing so bright and fair
O blind and weak! let us return to Heaven
What was but lent a while,
Knowing how soon again she will be given
Back, with her sunny smile—
Back, with her sunny smile—
And knowledge which no sage of earth could
find.
Sleep, darling Elise—in God's sheltered gar-
den
We lay thee—little flower!
Lulling once more our weary earthly burden,
Till comes the blessed hour
When Death the healer, bounteous and mild,
Shall give to us once more our fairest child!
—Chambers' Journal.

RUSKIN'S SACRIFICE.

How He Gave up His Wife to the Man She
Loved.

The London correspondent of The San Francisco Chronicle tells the matrimonial history of Ruskin and Millais as follows:
Between 30 and 35, Ruskin met and was delighted with a very pretty and graceful young woman of a social position and nice culture. I should say he had fallen in love with her were he not of so peculiar a physical temperament. He admired her sufficiently to ask her to be his wife; and, e. appreciating his gifts and scholarship, and flattered by the preference of so distinguished a man, accepted his offer. He questioned her, it is reported, as to the nature of her affection; expressed the hope that it was spiritual rather than emotional, mainly platonic in character, as he confessed his own to be. As may be inferred, she answered in the affirmative, and doubtless believed firmly every syllable that she uttered. It would be strange indeed if any woman should imagine or allow her self to be less cheerful or sentimental than any man of the planet. With the mutual understanding that theirs was to be a union of minds, they were married. They seemed to get on pleasantly for a few months—at least it seemed so to the husband, absorbed as usual in study and writing. He greatly admired her beauty—he probably regarded her as a picture or a statue more than a woman—and never wearied of praising it. Desirous of having her portrait taken, he chose his friend Millais, who, with Holman Hunt, Charles Collins, Dante Russell and others formed, and still form, the pre-Raphaelite school, to transfer her features to canvas. So gave the painter a number of sittings, and the husband was so much concerned in the work that he sometimes watched its progress. Millais, as is well known, is handsome and winning—he was especially so when young, he is barely fifty now—and was drawn at once to the young and lovely wife of his friend, an attraction that appears to have been reciprocated. In plain parlance, Millais and Mrs. Ruskin fell head over heels, or heels over head, "you like, in love with one another without the least intent on their part. Ruskin himself is said to have perceived the fact, although the lovers had not been in the slightest indiscreet or conventional, or even to have intimated one to the other the condition of their hearts. The author of "Modern Painters" is as generous as he is chivalrous. He did not, as ordinary men would have done, fly into a jealous rage, nor did he have a scene with his wife. He told her gently what he had perceived and assured of his continued friendship and of his earnest desire to promote her happiness at any price. She turned crimson at the words, as if they had been a revelation of her own soul, which in part they might have been. She could not believe the thing possible at first—the surprises of the heart are generally overwhelming; but very soon she acknowledged the truth and the painter did likewise. The critic condemned himself for dullness in thinking a platonic marriage natural or satisfactory, and announced his willingness, yea, gladness to assist the pair to a certainty they were obviously fitted for. Instead of putting any obstacles in the way, he would remove the only one to their love and happiness—himself—and he kept his word faithfully. Under the peculiar circumstances there was no trouble in obtaining a divorce. The matter was managed privately, without any scandal, and in due time Mrs. Ruskin, who was, became Mrs. Millais, who is. They have proved from all accounts a most harmonious couple, and they are as much to one and other to-day as they were during the honeymoon. Moreover, Ruskin continues to be the firm friend of both, visiting them regularly and sharing in a reflected manner in their happiness—a fact which demonstrates the argeness and nobility of Ruskin's nature. Millais' famous picture—it has been engraved and is very common—"The Huguenot Lovers," is almost a faithful portrait of the artist's wife, and the alleged fact has added not a little to its popularity.

An Obstinate Captain.

During a strong South wind the French brig Ponthieu went ashore near Penzance, England. The workers of the rocket apparatus succeeded in throwing a line over her, but the crew being ignorant of how to work the apparatus fastened the line on board instead of hauling it in. One of the crew, however, hauled

himself ashore by the line. The Penzance lifeboat was then got out, but on her arrival alongside the crew, although in imminent peril, took no notice, the captain apparently forbidding them to leave or even throw a line to the lifeboat. Wind and sea rapidly increasing and the vessel being full in the breakers it was seen that it must soon break up. In vain the lifeboat's crew entreated; they were warned off and had to leave; but seeing the loss of life that must ensue the lifeboat's coxswain determined to return, and this time was so far successful that five of the crew jumped off and were picked up. The captain still remained obstinate, and at length a coast-guardman named Gould volunteered for the perilous duty of going out to the wreck along the rocket-line, taking with him a letter from the French Consul, urging the captain to leave. In the presence of hundreds of intensely excited spectators, Gould steadily made his way, being often under the water for several seconds and imminently in danger of being washed off. The captain was watching him from the bridge, but when under the bows would lend no aid, and the furious sea breaking over him, Gould was washed away, and it was feared he must perish. Happily, however, he regained the rope and more dead than alive was washed and dragged ashore. Meanwhile the vessel was fast breaking up, the masts fell over the side, the stern on which the captain was standing, was broken off, and it was supposed he had sunk, but presently he was seen among the wreckage and mounted to the foreyard, the sail of which somewhat sheltered him. The coastguard fired two more rockets, and one line falling close to the captain he seized it, but even then seemed irresolute to save himself or perish with the ship. After a quarter of an hour, however, the love of life constrained him to fasten the rope around him and he was dragged ashore. Within an hour nothing was to be seen of the vessel but a few floating parts. The cheers which greeted the captain's rescue were by no means so hearty as those which had welcomed the return of Gould, whose life had been risked in attempting to save him.

A Business Woman.

New York Correspondence Hartford Times.

Mr. Vanderbilt has returned from Europe. No one knows why he went there, and it is not likely that many will know what he has been doing there. There is a woman in New York who had some thought of calling on him when he returns, but it is not quite certain that she will. She is a woman of means with an eye to good investments. Not very long since she was passing along Fifth avenue, near the Cathedral, and seeing some men at work in a large lot as if preparing the ground for a building she stopped and put some questions to a man who seemed to have charge of the others: "What are you going to build here?" "A house, ma'am." "A large house?" "Yes, ma'am, a pretty good-sized house, I think." "Do you know the owner?" "Oh, yes." "Well, do you know if he wants to borrow any money?" "Can't say anything about that, ma'am." "If he does, I could let him have some. I have some money that I should like to put out as a building loan in this neighborhood." "Well, ma'am, I dunno whether he wants any or not." "You might mention it to him and he could come and see me." "Yes'm but perhaps it might be better for you to see him." "Does he live near?" "Yes'm; taint very far." "And you think he might want some money?" "Well, he might; you'd better see him." "What's his name?" "Vanderbilt, ma'am." "What—a—a—t?" "Mr. Vanderbilt, ma'am; the man that owns all the railroads." Then that clever woman of business walked away, without even thanking the man for all the information he had given her, and the probabilities are that she won't call on Mr. Vanderbilt to offer him a loan on his Fifth avenue palace.

Reminiscence of a Gambler.

John Watts, who died in Philadelphia a short time ago, was in his day one of the most noted gamblers who made their trade notorious on the Mississippi river. Although he professed to be "a man of honor," he was by no means of the very best morals, and he did not object to take advantage of his fellow men. For instance: With his friend and accomplice he would board a boat at Louisville, and, scanning the passenger-list, pick out for his victims some old card-players of wealth with whom he was personally acquainted. To these people he would go very quietly and say of his accomplice, "There is a man who plays high, and we can beat him; you join with me and we'll do it." The victim agreed and the party was made up, but Watts always succeeded in regulating success the wrong way for his victim, and thus the would-be biter was often bitten.

Once he was accused of swindling in that way, the charge being made in the heat of play by a man from whom Watt's accomplice had just won \$10,000. "Is that your opinion?" he quietly asked, "Yes, sir; that's what I think," roared the loser; "you swindled me, and I stigmatize you as a scoundrel." The hour was late, and only the watchman and the party engaged in playing heard the charge; but all of them drew back and held their breath, for they were sure "Jack" would take a life to wipe out the insult. It is said that he had done that thing. "I will give you \$5,000 right here if you will not make that opinion any

further public," said Watts, drawing forth his pocketbook. "No, sir; I do not want the money; you cannot buy my silence with money." Then Watt's smiled in his wicked way, held a pistol in one hand and the money in the other, and said, quietly, as before: "My friend, for the suppression of your opinion I offered you \$5,000. You refused. Now I offer you \$10,000 at amount of money and your life. Do you accept?" The man looked into Jack's cold, steel gray eye, and what he read there was convincing. He took the money and his life and kept silent.

Christina, Queen of Sweden.

Times's Magazine.

The snow fell heavily on the dull December morning when Christina first saw the light in the quaint old palace at Stockholm. It was the 8th day of the month, 1826. Loud were the lamentations of the Queen and attendants at the appearance of the new-born babe, unflatteringly described by the chroniclers as a "dark, ugly girl, who cried with a shrill, rough voice." None ventured for a time to explain matters to the King. At length his sister, the Princess Catherine, took the infant in her arms, and announced to him that he had a daughter. Gustavus, too noble to show the natural chagrin that he felt, kissed the child, and said: "Let us thank God, sister; I hope this girl will be as good as a boy." Catherine reminded him that he was still young; but he hastily replied: "I am content, and pray God preserve my daughter," adding, smiling, "she will be an arch girl; she puts tricks on us so early." The King, soon reconciled to her sex, loved her with passionate fondness. When quiet a babe she accompanied him in his various and incessant journeys through his dominions, so that from the very beginning the soft tenderness of motherly cherishing, the indescribable caresses which are to the young life as sunshine to the flower, were wanting to the little Christina; her mother, Eleanor, a gentle, delicate woman, having neither strength nor the inclination for camp life. On one occasion, when Gustavus and a suite entered the fortress of Calma, the Governor refrained from saluting the King with the usual discharge of artillery, afraid lest the roar of the cannon might terrify the Princess into convulsions, as she was then only two years old. Her father, hearing of this, hesitated a moment, and then said: "Fire; she is a soldier's daughter and must learn to bear it." The child, far from being frightened, clapped her baby-hands together with innocent glee, an example which enraptured the warrior King and awoke a burst of applause from his brave followers. It was at this moment he conceived the idea of educating her as a son, a strange mistake of judgement in a man possessing the genius of Gustavus Adolphus, who until, the adventures of Le Petit Corporal, was considered the greatest General of modern times.

The Jay Mansion at Rye.

About 1744, Peter Jay, a prosperous merchant, having retired from business in the prime of life, looking around for some quiet place to pass his remaining days in ease, purchased a large estate in Rye, and settled his family there, while his son John—was to become an illustrious personage in the early history of the Republic—was still a child. Here the future Chief Justice passed a part of his youth, going from home to a school, and to Kings College in New York when he was fourteen years of age. The estate at Bekford, where the present John Jay resides, passed into the possession of the Jays, through the marriage of Mr. Peter Jay into the family of the Van Cortlandts, and afterward became the residence of Governor Jay. Dr. Jay, a grandson of the governor, now lives on the estate at Rye—a beautiful place with green meadows sloping from the back of the mansion down to the broad waters of the Sound. The "ha-ha" fences, being sunken stone walls, offer no impediment to the view, and only a stately elm here and there breaks the smooth sweep of meadow lands. In the spacious mansion itself, which some forty years ago replaced the old house, there are many things to carry one back to Colonial days. The robe of office worn by the first Chief Justice, made of satin and faced with rich salmon colored silk, tells of the early times before the influence of Jefferson had created a sense of republican simplicity.

A portrait of the Chief Justice, the joint production of Gilbert Stuart and that stately old painter and patriot, Colonel Trumbull, is of much interest even in a purely artistic sense, as it is one of the most thoroughly painted and best of all heads of Stuart within the writer's knowledge. It is not, however, at all comparable in this respect to a three-quarter length of an old lady—a Van Cortlandt—painted in Holland in 1622, a work which, while its author is unknown, is still of amazing quality and well worth going a long way to see.

There are two portraits in the country house of Mrs. Van Rensselaer, on Mansuering Island. They are portraits of Peter Stuyvesant and his wife, painted by Vandyck, and have never before been engraved. They are more vigorous in characterization than many of the latter portraits by Vandyck, and less mannered.

The wife of the testy old Governor was a Bayard, daughter of a learned and distinguished Huguenot, and it is through this family of which Mrs. Van Rensselaer is a member, that the portraits have been preserved—from the hands of the "restorer" as well as from all other disasters.—Harper's Magazine.

The newest trimming for an overskirt is made by slashing it to the depth of half a yard, lining the slashed pieces with satin, shirring them about two inches from the bottom and fasten them on the overskirt, thus producing a trimming of loops a quarter of a yard deep.

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Visit of W. F. Storey to the Dalrymple Farms—A Wheat Field Six Miles Long and Four Wide.

A BONANZA.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

CASSETON, Aug. 6, 1879.—A party consisting of Wilbur F. Storey, of the Chicago Times, his beautiful wife, and brother; Gen. Henry H. Sibley; Col. C. A. Morton, St. Paul; General Manager Sergeant, and others visited the great farms at Cassleton, today. These farms are situated eighteen miles west of Fargo, Dakota, in the heart of the Red River Valley, and are under the management of Oliver Dalrymple. The Cassleton farms are three in number, and are known as the Cass, Cheney, and Alton farms. The Grandin farm, consisting of 40,000 acres, under the same management, is down the river from Fargo about forty miles, and though larger than either of the others, is out of the way, and therefore attracts less attention.

THE CASS FARM

embraces a tract of 3,335 acres, and is owned by a son of Gen. Geo. W. Cass and Oliver Dalrymple. It has under cultivation this year 5,000 acres, principally in wheat. The Cheney farm is owned by Mr. P. B. Cheney and Oliver Dalrymple, and embraces 5,200 acres, of which 5,000 are under cultivation, also, largely in wheat. The Alton farm covers a tract of 1,000 acres, is owned by Mr. Dalrymple, and has 3,000 acres under cultivation. The Grandin farm, owned by the Grandin Bros. and Mr. Dalrymple, includes 40,000 acres, and has 7,000 acres under cultivation. It has 57,000 acres under one management, of which 21,000 acres is now under cultivation, and will yield of wheat, oats and barley this year over half a million bushels. About \$1,000,000 in cash, giving a net profit of not less than \$250,000; and this land which four years ago cost 60 cents an acre, is now worth \$20 an acre.

THESE FARMING OPERATIONS

employing, in all, four hundred men, and a hundred and fifteen self-binding reapers, and two hundred mule and horse teams, and in the fall six hundred men, with 500 mules and two hundred reapers. This morning our party saw twenty-five self-binding reapers, one following the other in a line, cutting the golden grain at the rate of three hundred and seventy-five acres a day. In a remote corner of the same field—which is six miles long and four miles wide—a steam tug, using straw for fuel, was at work with a score of teams hauling grain to be shipped to the eastern market. In another corner of the field were teams of teams plowing for next year's crop. The grain is shipped to Duluth, where it is elevated and thoroughly cleaned, and then shipped by steamer to Chicago or other eastern markets, where it commands more per bushel than the best of Michigan winter wheat. Every morning this farm moves like clockwork. The management is as thorough as human intelligence can make it.

DALRYMPLE

is the general who directs the whole, and each gang of men has an overseer or captain. The one accompanying the harvesters is mounted. Every little delay is noted, every wrong corrected, and all needed repairs, as well as supplies, charged to each machine, and the most rigid economy is given to the smallest details. A faithful record is kept of the grain threshed by each machine, and of the amount turned over to each team for delivery to the cars. These farms were opened by the directors of the railroad on their own person to account, to prove that the country through which the Northern Pacific passes is not a barren waste, but a country adapted to agricultural operations on the most extensive scale. Their experiment silenced the croakers, and proved a bonanza more profitable and a more certain than investments in Montana stocks. It was less than six years ago that the writer stopped with Mike Smith, himself a railroad employee, on the present site of Cassleton, and not a settler within eighteen miles, excepting Mrs. Bishop, who was occupying the railroad section-house at Mapleton. Now Cassleton is a thriving village of several hundred people, with large and well-fitted and well patronized stores, with every quarter section within twenty miles taken, and very much of the land improved. To

MARKET THE CROP

at this newly developed region a line of railroad is being surveyed, and it is believed will be constructed this fall, from Cassleton right through the heart of the most productive in extent and grandest valley in the world. As great as the Dalrymple farming interest is, it is but a speck, as it were,—well extended, it is true, on a map showing thousands of farms within a score of miles of it, some of them embracing hundreds of acres. And it should not be forgotten that a region five years ago denounced as a barren desert, and which then was actually importing its bread-stuff, will this year ship from five to eight million bushels of wheat, not to speak of its miscellaneous products, while its capacity, reaching up into hundreds of millions of bushels, is almost too immense to be comprehended. This is the far famed, and until lately, much abused north Pacific country.

FARGO, SIX YEARS AGO,

was a collection of tents and shacks, the headquarters hotel being the only decent structure in town, and that was burned that fall. To-day magnificent brick blocks may be seen on every hand. All of its hotels are filled to overflowing. At 11 o'clock last night the writer struggled over sleeping farmers,—a dozen at least

were noted, scattered around in the parlor of the principal hotel, to reach a room which he had kindly been invited to share with a more fortunate traveling man. Every available space in the hotel for a bed was occupied, and dozens had been turned away. A tour among the other hotels proved the situation to be the same. Fargo has upwards of two thousand people, and the country around it is nearly as well settled as the best settled portions of Wisconsin, giving permanency to Fargo's commercial interests and justifying its present rapid development. C. A. L.

The New Transfer Boat.

The Northern Pacific transfer boat arrived Tuesday evening after a voyage of twenty-seven days from St. Louis. Wednesday morning with two hundred tons of railroad supplies (spikes), her cargo from St. Louis, crossed over to the west side with the ease of a yawl. She is a large and strong looking boat. The track down the center will carry six cars. On either side are separate engines and boilers driving the wheels. In front of the wheel houses are large waiting rooms for passengers. There are state rooms, dining room and kitchen for the use of the officers. She cost \$27,000.

The Bismarck Musicals.

The Bismarck Musicals with F. J. Call as director and Miss Bird as treasurer, has been organized. The club hold weekly rehearsals and early in the winter will be able to give an entertainment that will do our musical souls good. They have sent to St. Paul for a fine variety of vocal selections.

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KEY WEST.	Maratta,	"
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BLOWN AWAY.

There were three of them—Kitty, Mary and little Tommy—the children of the station-master at Black River Junction, on the Great Southwestern Railroad. The station stood alone on the open prairie, miles and miles from anywhere in particular. Black River flowed through the mountains, a hundred miles away to the north; and on clear days, the snowy mountains could be seen glimmering on the grassy horizon. The line leading to the Black River met the Southwestern here, and thus it was the place was called Black River Junction.

The station-master and his wife and three children lived in the little depot quite happily, but there was not another family within ten miles in any direction.

At times the children thought it rather lonely. There was nothing in particular to be done except to watch the trains that stopped at the junction several times a day. Once in a while, a freight-car would be left on the side-track, and the children soon found that an empty freight-car makes a capital play-house. They could keep house in the corners and make visits, or sit by the open door and make believe they were having a ride.

One morning they were awakened by a curious humming sound out of doors, and they all scrambled up and looked out of the window. How the wind did blow! It whistled and roared round the house and played on the telegraph wires upon the roof as upon a huge harp. As the wires were fastened to the roof, the house became a great music box, with the children inside. After breakfast the morning trains arrived, but the wind was so high that the passengers were glad to hurry from one train to another as quickly as possible. Then the trains went away, and the great wind harp on the roof sang louder than ever.

The station-master said it blew a gale, and that the children must stay in the house, lest they be blown away into the prairie and be lost. The station-master's wife said it was a pity the children must stay in the house all day. There was an empty freight-car on the side-track; perhaps they might play in that. The station-master thought this a good idea, and he took Kitty by the hand and Tommy in his arms, while Mary took hold of his coat, and they all went out into the empty car. Whew! How it did blow! They certainly thought they would be lifted up by the wind and blown quite into the sky. The empty car was warm and snug, and, once inside, they were quite out of the way of the wind.

Mary thought the rear end would be a good place to keep house, but Tommy preferred the other end, so they agreed to keep house at both ends of the empty car. This was a nice plan, for it gave them a chance to visit each other, and the open part by the door made a grand promenade to walk on.

Louder and louder roared the gale. Safe and snug in the car, they went on with their play and thought nothing of the weather outside.

Suddenly the car seemed to shake, and they stopped in their housekeeping and ran to the door to see what had happened.

"Why, it's moving! Somebody's pushing it," said Mary.

"They are taking us away on the freight train. Come, we must get out."

"I didn't hear the whistle," said Tommy. "I guess something is pushing the car."

The girls leaned out of the door to see what had happened. Why, where was the platform? What was the matter with the station? It was moving away. No, it was the car. It had left the siding and had rolled upon the main line and was moving faster and faster along the road.

"Oh, we must get out! They are taking us away!"

"No, no," said Kitty. "We must stay here till the brakeman comes round. I didn't hear them when they took us on the train."

"There isn't any train," said Tommy, looking up and down the line.

"Oh, it's the wind! It's blowing the car away. We must put on the brakes and stop it."

This was a good plan, but how were they to carry it out? The break wheel was on top of the car, and they were inside. Faster and faster rolled the car. It began to rattle and roar as if dragged along by a swift engine. In a moment, Tommy began to cry. Mary tried to look brave, and Kitty stared hard at the level prairie flying past. It was of no use. They all broke down together and had a hearty cry alone in the empty car as it rolled on and on before the gale.

The station-master's wife rolled up her sleeves and put the house in order while the children were safely out of the way. The station-master, feeling sure the children were safe in the freight-car, sat in his office nearly all the morning. At last, the beds were made, the dinner put on the fire, and the mother wondered how the girls were getting on in their play-house on the track. She threw a shawl over her head and went out on the platform.

At once, the wind blew the shawl over her face, and she could not see exactly where she stood. Turning her back to the wind she began to call the children. How loudly the wind roared through the telegraph wires! Perhaps they could not hear in all this din. May be they were inside the car out of hearing. She walked on toward the siding. Not a thing to be seen! She wondered if there had not been a mistake? Perhaps the car was on the other side track? No, the rails were unoccupied as far as she could see in every direction. What did it mean? What had happened? She staggered back into the station and startled her husband with a cry of despair.

"The car! The children!"

The station-master ran out upon the platform and looked up and down the

line. Not a car in sight! It had been blown away before the terrible wind, and was perhaps at this instant rolling swiftly onward with its precious load to destruction. What would happen to it? Would it meet a train or run into a station? Would the children try to get out, or would they stay in the car till it was wrecked?

He sprang to the door of the depot to telegraph the terrible news down the line, but just as he opened the door he saw a faint white cloud on the western horizon. It was a train. Help was coming. At the same instant his wife appeared with a new grief and terror in her eyes.

"I cannot get a call in either direction. The wires are blown down."

This only added to the danger, for there was no means of sending word in advance of the runaway car. It must go on to its fate without help or warning.

"Help is coming, mother. Here's a train bound east."

Nearer and nearer came the train, and the father and mother stood watching it as it crept along the rails. It seemed as if it would never come. At last, it reached the platform and proved to be a passenger train bound up the Black River road and not intended to go in the direction in which the car had been blown away. The instant it stopped, the station-master ran to the engine and told his terrible story. The mother, with quicker wit, found the conductor and demanded that the engine be taken off and sent after the children.

The conductor was a man of regular habits, and such a bold request struck him as something extraordinary. Take the engine off, and leave the train and passengers waiting at this lonely station? The idea was preposterous! Some of the passengers gathered near and asked what was the matter.

The children lost, blown away in an empty car. Some one said, "Yes, go at once. We can wait till the engine returns." The conductor said he must telegraph for instructions; but some one said the wires are down, and the people only cried out the more, "Let the engine go!" so the mother ran to the tender and began to pull out the pin, that the engine might start.

"Hold on, marm," said a brakeman. "I'll cast her off. You jump aboard if you want to go, too. Fire up, Jack, and make her hum."

It was all done in a moment, and away flew the engine, leaving the conductor and the station-master staring in surprise at this singular proceeding. The station-master did not feel very happy. He had half intended to go with the engine, but it would never do to leave his post.

"Fire steady, Jack," said the engineer to the fireman. "It's no use to get excited, for we're in for a long race."

"It's enough to make a fellow excited, to see that woman," said the fireman.

The engineer turned round, and there by his side stood the mother, her eyes straining ahead down the line in search of the missing ones.

"Oh, sir! open the throttle wide. Don't try to save coal at such a time as this."

"We must keep cool, marm, and go steady, or we shall run out of coal and water and come to a standstill on the line."

The woman said not a word, but nodded mournfully and leaned against the side of the cab for support, and then the fireman gave her his seat, where she could look out ahead over the line. How the engine shook and roared! The little fang of the steam-gauge trembled and rose higher and higher as the steam pressure increased over the raging fire. The engine seemed to be eating up the track in front, and behind the track spun out like shining ribbons in the sun. The station and train had already sunk down out of sight, and the grassy horizon on either side seemed to fly away in a kind of gigantic waltz. The wind died away to a dead calm, and in a few moments a little breeze sprang up and blew in at the front windows.

"We are beating the wind," said the engineer. "If we can keep this pace up we shall soon overtake them."

"How long have they been gone?" shouted the fireman above the roar of the engine.

"I don't know," screamed the woman, without taking her eyes from the horizon, where the rails met the sky. "It may have been two hours or more. They were playing in the empty car."

"How did she get out of the siding?" (He meant the car.)

"It's one of the new switches," said the engineer. "Cars can easily jump out upon the main line."

Ah! something ahead. Was it the runaway car? No, the next station. What a terrible pace! Twenty miles already!

"Oh, don't stop!" cried the woman, as she saw the engineer put his hand on the throttle-valve.

"I must, marm. We are getting out of water, and perhaps we can learn something of the runaway."

The sudden arrival of a solitary engine, containing two men and a woman, startled the station-master, and he came out to see what it meant. He seemed to guess at the truth, for he said:

"After the runaway car?"

"Yes, yes. There were three children inside."

"Oh, marm, I'm sorry for ye. It went past here, going twenty miles an hour. It came down-grade all the way, but the up-grade begins about two miles out. I was inside when it passed, and didn't see it till it had gone past the door."

How long it took to fill the tender! The engine stood hot and smoking by the water-tank, and the water came out in a slender stream, while the poor mother stood looking on, tearful and impatient.

"Good-by! I'll put up the pipe. Heaven help ye!—the up-grade—"

The rest was lost, for the engine shot

ahead, on and on out over the prairie. The water-tank seemed to sink down into the earth, and the shining rails stretched longer and longer out behind. A! What was that? A cloud of steam on the horizon, far ahead. The engineer took out his time-book and studied it carefully.

"Freight No. 6, bound West, stopping on the two-mile siding."

How swiftly Freight No. 6 rose from the grass and grew big along the way? Listen! A whistle. The engineer whistled in reply and shut off steam. Their engine quickly slowed down, and they could see men leaning out from the other engine, as if to speak to them.

"It's ten minutes back. Running slow on main-line—road—clear—"

"Thank Heaven!" said the woman. The engineers said nothing; but at that instant the engine gave a great leap and shot ahead, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, up the easy grade. How long the minutes seemed, and yet each meant almost a mile!

Ah! A speck—a black dot on the horizon. The car? Yes. It was the car. It grew bigger and bigger. Now they could see it plainly. But the children? Where were they? The fireman sprang out through the forward window and ran along the engine and down upon the cow-catcher. The monster began to slacken its terrible pace, and in a moment it struck the car with a gentle jar and stopped.

The fireman thought himself a lively man, but the woman was before him and sprang up into the car.

There they lay, safe and sound, in the corner of the car—Mary and Tommy fast asleep, and Kitty watching over them.

"Oh! mother! I knew you would come. Mary and Tommy cried themselves to sleep, and I—I."

Nobody could say a word. The fireman tried to rub his eyes, and only marked his face with black streaks. The mother laughed and cried all at once. The engineer picked up the little ones and quietly took them into the cab of the engine.

"There, now, my hearties, you have had a risky ride; but it's all right! Come! We're more than thirty miles from home, and it won't do to be late to dinner. Fire up, Jack."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Jack.—Charles Bernard, in St. Nicholas for July.

The Key to Success.

One of Wellington's chief sources of success was his thorough mastery of details. While in Spain he gave precise directions how the soldiers should prepare their food: in India, the miles per day the bullocks should be driven that were provided for the army. The equipments of his were cared for in all their minutiae. The same exactness he introduced into his administration of civil affairs. From his earliest school days, in every transaction, this trait of thoroughness appears. The confidence and unflinching devotion he thus inspired unquestionably secured him his many and decisive victories. No great commander leaves anything to chance, but seeks to anticipate every emergency and to provide for it. Gray spent seven years perfecting his "Elegy," which you can readily read in seven minutes. Into it he generously poured the very ripest scholarship and intimate acquaintance with the rules of rhythm, and an exhaustive study of the varied excellences of English and Latin classics. Every syllable was submitted to the closest scrutiny, the cadence of the verse was suited to the character of the thought, every outline was vivid, every tint toned, every picture perfect, before he suffered his poem to pass into print. This palace of thought was no single night's work of slave genii obeying the behest of one holding some magical lamp of Aladdin, but was built up like coral reef, particle by particle. And this complete mastery of detail was secured only by the most protracted concentration of effort. By resolutely chaining his thought to his theme, completely surrendering himself to its guidance, the inexorable laws of a suggestion irresistibly led him back through the past's faded and forgotten scenes in the humble lives of the sleeping cottagers until the scenery and personages of every picture at last brightened and breathed before his mental vision with all the sharply outlined vividness of real life.

"Referee in Cases of Incompatibility."

Mr. Will Carlton, says *Harper's Weekly*, should be appointed a sort of general referee in all future cases of incompatibility. The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* gives an interesting account of a venerable-looking man who called upon the city attorney for the purpose of obtaining a divorce from his wife with whom he had lived forty years, and had reared a large family. There had been no criminality, only a lively dispute. Mr. Tuthill, the attorney, talked kindly with the old gentleman; told him that most Illinois divorces were illegal, and concluded by asking if he had ever read Will Carlton's poem, "Betsey and I Are Out." He had never heard it. "Buy and read it," said the lawyer; "it contains a case parallel to your own." It was done. A few days afterward the city attorney received the following letter by mail:

"My Dear Sir:—I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for your kindly advice in relation to my domestic affliction. I acted upon your suggestion, and it had the desired effect. We are reunited never again, I trust, to part until the angel of death shall visit one of us. God bless Will Carlton for his little ballad, and God bless you for making it known to me! May you never know anything but peace. Yours, gratefully."

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BISMARCK, D.T

A Description of the Taj--The Most Splendid Tomb on earth.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing from India, says:

The principle which inspires these magnificent and useless tombs is of Tartar origin. The Tartars, we are told, build their tombs in such a manner as to serve for places of enjoyment for themselves and their friends during their lifetime. While the builder lives he uses the building as a house of recreation, receives his friends, gives entertainments. When he dies he is buried within the walls, and from that hour the building is abandoned. It is ever afterward a tomb, given alone to the dead. There is something Egyptian in this idea of a house of feasting becoming a tomb of a great prince, as he walks amid crowds of retainers and friends knowing that the walls that resound with laughter will look down on his dust. This will account for so many of the stupendous tombs that you find in Upper India. Happily it does not account for the Taj. If the Taj had been a Tartar idea—a house of merriment to the builder and of sorrow afterward—it would have lost something of the poetry which adds to its beauty. The Taj is the expression of the grief of the Emperor Shah Jehan for his wife, who was known in her day as Mumtaz-i-Mahab, or the Exalted One of the Palace. She was herself of royal blood, with Persian ancestry intermingled. She was married in 1615 to Shah Jehan, then heir to the throne, and having borne him seven children, died in 1629, in giving birth to the eighth child. Her life, therefore, was in the highest sense consecrated, for she gave it up in the fulfillment of a supreme and holy duty, in itself a consecration of womanhood. The husband brought the body of his wife and mother to these gardens and entombed it until the monument of his grief should be done. It was seventeen years before the work was finished. The cost is unknown, the best authorities rating it at more than \$2,000,000. The millions of dollars in the time of Shah Jehan, with labor for the asking, would be worth as much as twenty million in our day. For seventeen years 20,000 men worked on the Taj, and their wages was a daily portion of corn.

The effect of the Taj as seen from the gate, looking down the avenue of trees, is grand. The dome and towers seem to rest in the air, and it would not surprise you if they became clouds and vanished into rain. The gardens are the perfection of horticulture, and you see here as in no part of India that I have visited, the wealth and beauty of nature in Hindostan. The landscape seems to be flushed with roses, with all varieties of the rose, and that most sunny and queenly of flowers seems to strew your path and bid you welcome as you saunter along the avenue and up the ascending slope that leads to the shrine of a husband's love and a mother's consecration. There is a row of fountains which throw out a spray and cool the air, and when you pass the trees and come to the floor of the building its greatness and its beauty. Mr. Keene took us to various parts of the garden, that we might see it from different points of view: I could see no value in one view beyond the other. And when our friend, in the spirit of courteous kindness pointed out the defects of the building—that it was too much this, or would have been perfect if it had been a little less of something else—there was just the least disposition to resent criticism and to echo the opinion of Mr. Borie, who, as he stood looking at the exquisite towers and solemn marble walls, said: "It was worth coming to India to see the Taj." I value that criticism because it is that of a practical business man, concerned with affairs, and not disposed to see a poetic side to any subject. What he saw in the Taj was the idea that its founder meant to convey—the idea of solemn, overpowering and unapproachable beauty.

As you enter you see a vast dome, every inch of which is enriched with inscriptions in Arabic, verses from the Koran, engraved marble, mosaics, decorations in agate and jasper. In the center are two small tombs of white marble, modestly carved. These cover the resting-place of the Emperor and his wife, whose bodies are in the vault underneath. In other lays the Turkish priests read the Koran from the gallery, and you can imagine how solemn must have been the effect of the words chanted in a priestly cadence by the echo that answers and again answers the chanting of some tune by one of the party. The more closely you examined the Taj the more you are perplexed to decide whether its beauty is to be found in the general effect of the design as seen from afar, or the minute and finished decorations which cover every wall. The general idea of the building is never lost. There is nothing trivial about the Taj, no grotesque Gothic molding or flowering Corinthian columns—all is cold and white and chaste and pure. You may form an idea of the size of the Taj from the figures of the measurement of the royal engineers. From the base to the top of the center dome is 139 1-2 feet; to the summit of the pinnacle, 243 1-2 feet. It stands on the banks of the River Jumna, and it is said that Shah Jehan intended to build a counterpart in black marble in which his own ashes could rest. But misfortunes came to Shah Jehan—ungrateful children, strife, deposition—and when he died, his son felt that the Taj was large enough for both father and mother. One is almost glad that the black marble idea never germinated. The Taj, by itself alone, is unapproachable. A duplicate would have detracted from its peerless beauty.

We remained in the gardens until the sun went down, and we had to hurry to our carriages not to be caught in the swiftly-descending night. The gardener came to Mrs. Grant with an offering of roses. Some of us, on our return from Jeypore, took advantage of the new moon

to make another visit. We had been told that the moonlight gave a new glory even to the Taj. It was the night before we left Agra, and we could not resist the temptation, even at the risk of keeping some friends waiting who had asked us to dinner, of a moonlight view. It was a new moon, which made our view imperfect. But such a view as was given added to the beauty of the Taj. The cold lines of the marble were softened by the shimmering silver light. The minarets seemed to have a new height and the dome had a solemnity as became the canopy of the mother and queen. We strolled back, now and then turning for another last view of the wonderful tomb. The birds were singing, the air was heavy with the odors of the rose garden, and the stillness, the twilight stillness, all added to the beauty of the mausoleum and combined to make the memory of our visit the most striking among the many wondrous things we have seen in Hindostan.

How the Girl's Father Saved \$1,500.

A young man who had long and dearly loved a beautiful girl on Warren avenue, besought of her recently to name the happy day, which she did with such fond, reluctant delay that it would hardly have been thought that she had made up her mind what the date was to be more than two months before, so soon as she saw that he really meant biz. They accordingly waited upon the author of her being, and, going down on their knees, acquainted him with the lay of the land, and besought of him his blessing. He was a practical and economical old man, with a mind fertile of resource, and when the young man had stammered that he loved her dearer than his life, and had a salary of \$1,000, and that he hoped—the old man caught up his trusty Toledo (O.) walking stick, and, calling his prospective son-in-law many hard names, drove him out of the house; then seizing his daughter by her tiny shel-lac ear he awayed with her to the deepest bedroom beneath the attic roof, and locked her in there. What was the consequence? That very night a young man came with a rope-ladder, an ample cloak, and a marriage-hens, and stole his bride away, and they were made one at a West Side church. The young wife then said to her husband, "Algernon, my father behaved toward you as mean as all get-out; still he was my mother's husband, and we ought to have some deference for him, so let us go to him and tell him that we are wedded, and ask his blessing. Beside, I want to get my brush and comb bag that I left on the bureau." "Well, I'll go," said the young husband; "but mind you, Matilda, if he lays a hand on me save in kindness, I'll knock his two eyes into one. I suffered his previous indignities because he was the hoary-headed author of your being, but he is only my bald-headed old father-in-law, and I won't stand it, if he is three times as old as I am." Accordingly they went home, and when they got there, and were excitedly feeling for the bell-pull, the old man opened the door and said, "Come in, come in. How's the blushing bride, eh? Bless you my children. Now, by the time we have partaken of a bottle of champagne which is in the ice-box the hack will be here to convey you down town, or to any railroad depot you may be pleased to indicate." They followed the old man into the parlor, like people in a dream. "I was afraid once," he said cheerfully, "when I saw Matilda coming down that ladder that the darn thing would break—f-r she's full sixteen ounces to the pound, Matilda is—and drive all my new rosebushes and tulips into the ground. Why on earth didn't you, when you were compelled to flee from my wrath, elope out of the front door, like Christians? I left Matilda's dungeon-cell unlocked and I left the front door ajar, I went to the foot of the stairs and snored at the top of my voice so as to give you every facility." "Do you mean to say, venerable and respected sir," said his new made son-in-law, "that you have and have had no objections to my paying my addresses to your daughter?" "Never the least in the world," replied the old man, beaming blandly on them; "you are the son-in-law I should have picked out of millions, if I had been permitted to choose, and even had I not been satisfied of your worth and sobriety I could not have found it in my heart to refuse to do what Matilda desired me to do." "Then, sir," exclaimed the young husband, thinking that perhaps he had married into a family having the hereditary taint of insanity in the blood: "then, sir what did you give me the grand bounce for in such an energetic and inconsistent manner?" "Because my dear boy," said the good old man "I saw that if I did you would instantaneously take out a license and elope with the girl, and get married at an expense of \$6.50, borne exclusively by you, whereas if the marriage took place in the ordinary course of events I would have been stuck for a trousseau, and dresses, and flowers, and a *dejeuner*, and presents, and so on to the extent of at least \$2,500. You will find \$1,000 in this pocketbook for expenses during your bridal trip; the remaining \$1,500 I am in," and they are but the legitimate reward of my ingenuity. You will surely not object to paying such a price for four months more of wedded bliss than you would have otherwise enjoyed, and for the chance of beginning your married life in a romantic manner." They couldn't of course.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Widows' caps for young ladies are of white tarlatan, in Fanchon shape, or else they are pointed in front in Marie Stuart shape; they are with white or black strings, or entirely without strings, as the wearer chooses. For older ladies, the tarlatan cap has a large mob crown, with pleated frills lying on the hair.

Fashion Chitcha.

Polka dotted fans are among the novel ties.

New balmorals are made of pale blue budting.

The lace mantles imported this summer are quite short in the back.

New jet combs are in the shape of a horseshoe with balls of cut jet attached. Dresses for little girls are of white unbleached muslin trimmed with bandanna plaids.

Dainty little individual salt-cellars are in the shape of a water-lily resting on a leaf.

Handsome half-shawls are of black hebele, netted and finished with a deep fluffy fringe.

The latest caprice in hosiery is embroidered Balbraggans in fern and shamrock patterns.

The best bathing-shoes are of white canvas, or else cotton duck, bound with colored braids.

Short dresses for dancing are made with over-dress of Pompadour brocade, very slightly draped.

Few very fine real lace mantles are imported now, as the shapes change so frequently that ladies are not willing to buy very expensive ones.

Coarse torchon lace and woven Russian lace are expressively employed in trimming costumes of zephyr cloth, satin, and other wash fabrics.

The new silk gloves with long, open-worked wrists, are the novelty, and will be much sought after during the reign of the short sleeve now so fashionable.

The latest parols are of India pongee, embroidered in parti-colored sprigs, on the ground, and a garland border. They are mounted on a ratan stick.

Parasols of the gay Bandanna plaids are exhibited as novelties at the leading houses, but do not find favor with many ladies, as they are too conspicuous.

Ladies who have large points of thread or of llama lace left over from previous seasons drape them as small panier mantles, and thus make very dressy wraps.

Shawls of colored thread woven in shell pattern are light and cool for morning wear in the summer. They are large squares finished with fringe, and are found in amber, pale blue, rose and white. They cost \$3.50.

After so long a run of chip and heavy braids, the reappearance of Neapolitan braided bonnets is refreshing. As yet they are very scarce in the market, and among the daintiest and most elegant of millinery features.

Gray and ecru linen traveling dresses have again appeared in our furnishing houses, though they have been used so nearly to a surfeit that no lady but one who wishes to practice the most rigid economy cares to expend much money in them.

La Pompadour's historic fan, with its medallion portraits, is of the finest Venetian lace, so fine and elaborate that it took nine years to finish it, the cost was \$30,000. It is divided into five sections, each enriched by an exquisite miniature painting.

Beige, light woolen serge and light camel's hair cloths are materials in demand for making the traveling costume.

Elegant India pongee walking costumes are trimmed with Hamburg bordering, in point de Venise patterns.

Linen serge slippers, with a mille fleur bouquet embroidered on the toe, are among the attractive caprices for house wear.

Black and white dresses have suddenly become the fashion for evening dresses, while the gayest colors are seen in the street.

The Queen Anne sacque is a favorite novelty with ladies of artistic tastes who delight in bric-a-brac, Queen Anne furniture, &c.

JOHN P. DUNN. CASH O. DUNN

DUNN & CO.,
Pioneer Druggists,
BISMARCK, D. T.

A Full Line of Drugs, Medicines,
PAINTS, OILS,
GLASS, ETC.,
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Sept. 11-78tf

BISMARCK
AND
STANDING ROCK
Stage and Express
LINE.

Leaves Bismarck every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday morning at 8 a. m. arriving at Standing Rock in fifteen hours!

Leave Standing Rock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 4 a. m. arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours.

For freight or passage apply to
GEO. PEOPLES & CO.,
Bismarck, or
JNO. THOMSON & CO.
Standing Rock, D. T.

15tf

FRANK J. CEIST,
Dealer in
WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY,
Main St., Opposite Sheridan House.
Repairing a Specialty.
my31v7n1

GEO. C. GIBBS & CO.,
PIONEER
BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP
Corner Third and Thayer Streets,
BISMARCK, D. T.
None but the best of workmen employed, and we challenge competition.
EMER N. COREY,
U.S. Commissioner,

JUDGE OF PROBATE,
AND
CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT.
Office one door below Tribune Block,
my31v7n6

EMANUEL C. BROHOLM,
BOOTS and SHOES,
Fourth St., opposite Bismarck Hotel.

Fine Custom Work made to Order
in all the latest styles and warranted. Use the best of stock in all custom work. A specialty made of

NEAT REPAIRING.
My motto is "Good Work at fair prices." 12m1
BISMARCK, D. T.

JOHN MASON,
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND
BILLIARDS,
AT THE OLD STAND, MOORHEAD, MINN.
Headquarters for Army and Missouri River People.

VEGETINE
I will try Vegetine.
He did.
AND WAS CURED
Delaware, O., Feb. 16, 1877

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—
Dear Sir,—I wish to give you this testimony that you may know, and let others know, what Vegetine has done for me. About two years ago a small sore came on my leg: it soon became a large Ulcer, so troublesome that I consulted the doctor, but I got no relief, growing worse from day to day. I suffered terribly; I could not rest day or night; I was so reduced my friends thought I would never recover; I consulted a doctor at Columbus. I followed his advice: it did no good. I can truly say I was discouraged. At this time I was looking over my newspaper; I saw your advertisement of Vegetine, the "Great Blood Purifier" for cleansing the blood from all impurities, curing Humors, Ulcers, &c. I said to my family, I will try some of the Vegetine. Before I had used the first bottle I began to feel better. I made up my mind I had got the right medicine at last. I could not sleep well nights. I continued taking the Vegetine. I took thirteen bottles. My health is good. The Ulcer is gone, and I am able to attend to business. I paid about four hundred dollars for medicine before I bought the Vegetine. I have recommended Vegetine to others with good success. I always keep a bottle of it in the house now. It is a most excellent medicine. Very Respectfully yours.

F. ANTHONI.
Mr. Anthoni is one of the pioneers of Delaware, O. He settled here in 1834. He is a wealthy gentleman, of the firm of F. Anthoni & Sons. Mr. Anthoni is extensively known, especially among the Germans. He is well known in Cincinnati. He is respected by all. Impure Blood.—In morbid conditions of the blood are many diseases; such as salt-rheum, ring-worm, boils, carbuncles, sores, ulcers and pimples. In this condition of the blood try the Vegetine, and cure these affections. As a blood purifier it has no equal. Its effects are wonderful.

VEGETINE
Cured Her.
Dorchester, Mass., June 11.

Dr. Stevens:—
Dear Sir,—I feel it my duty to say one word in regard to the great benefit I have received from the use of one of the greatest wonders of the world; it is your Vegetine. I have been one of the greatest sufferers for the last eight years that ever could be living. I do sincerely thank my God and your Vegetine for the relief I have got. The Rheumatism has pained me to such an extent, that my feet broke out in sores. For the last three years I have not been able to walk; now I can walk and sleep, and do my work as well as ever I did, and I must say I owe it all to your purifier, Vegetine.

Vegetine.—The great success of the Vegetine as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief, with such remarkable cures.

VEGETINE
Is better than any
MEDICINE.
HENDERSON, KY., Dec., 1877.

I have used H. R. Stevens' Vegetine, and like it better than any medicine I have used for purifying the blood. One bottle of Vegetine accomplished more good than all other medicines I have taken.

THOS. LYNE,
Henderson, Ky.

VEGETINE is composed of Roots, Barks, and Herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

VEGETINE
Recommended by
M. D.'s.

H. R. STEVENS:—
Dear Sir,—I have sold Vegetine for a long time, and find it gives most excellent satisfaction.

A. B. DE FLEST, M. D.,
Hazleton, Ind.

VEGETINE
Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.
Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

St. Paul Business Directory.
(W. L. Perkins, Maurice Lyon.)
PERKINS, LYONS & CO.—Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines, and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandies, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No. 94 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.
CROCKERY, FRENCH CHINA, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. East Third Street St. Paul, Minn.
CAMPBELL, BURBANK & CO.—Manufacturers and Jobbers of Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods, No. 89 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minnesota.

ISAACS—Manufacturers and Jobber in Cigars, 55 Jackson Street, opposite Auerbach, Finch Culbertson & Co., St. Paul, Minn.

MINNEAPOLIS BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
CLARK HOUSE—Corner Fourth Street and Hennepin Ave., two blocks from the Academy of Music. Only first class Two Dollar House. New, Elegantly furnished, and situated in the finest portion of the City.

JOHN C. OSWALD,
Wholesale Dealer in
WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS.
No. 17 Washington Av., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

E. L. Strauss & Bro.,
WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,
BISMARCK, D. T.

John P. Hoagland,
Carpenter and Builder,
Fifth St. Near Custer Hotel,

BISMARCK, D. T.
Contracting and Building of every nature. Special attention given to Fine Job Work.

CHICAGO, Milwaukee & St. Paul RAILWAY
MAKES CLOSE CONNECTIONS
AT ST. PAUL, WITH
St. Paul & Pacific R. R.
—FOR—
WINONA, LA CROSSE, SPARTA, DAWATONNA, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, McGRIGOR, MADISON,

Milwaukee, Chicago,
And all Intermediate Points in
Minnesota, Wisconsin & Northern Iowa
New York,
Philadelphia,
Baltimore,
Washington,
New England, the Canadas, and all
EASTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.

2 ROUTES.
—AND—
3 DAILY TRAINS
Between
Chicago and St. Paul
and Minneapolis.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway is the only North western Line connecting in same depot in Chicago with any of the Great Eastern and Southern Railways, and in the most convenient location with reference to reach any Depot, Hotel or place of business in that City.

Through Tickets and Through Baggage Checks to all Principal Cities.
Steel Rail Truck, thoroughly ballasted, free from dust. Westinghouse Improved Automatic Air Brake, Miller's Safety Platform and Couplings on all Passenger Cars.

The Finest Day Coaches and Palace Sleeping Cars.
This Road connects more Business Centres, Health and Pleasure Resorts, and passes through a finer country, with grander scenery, than any other North western line.

A. V. H. CARPENTER,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent
S. S. MERRILL,
General Manager
JNO. C. GAULT,
Ass't Gen. Manager.

Northern Pacific R. R.
1878 Summer Arrangement. 1878.
TAKE THE
Custer Route
TO THE
BLACK HILLS.
Thro' Express Trains
FROM
ST. PAUL to BISMARCK,
DAILY.

Making close connections at ST. PAUL with trains from CHICAGO and all points south.

No Delay! Continuous Run!
Connects at St. Paul with all trains East and South; at Minneapolis with all trains from that city; at St. Cloud with all trains for Melrose and the Sauk Valley; at Brainerd all trains make close connections to and from Duluth and to and from the West and South.
Close connection with Lake Steamers at Duluth; St. Paul trains at N. P. Junction; St. Paul & Pacific Railroad trains at Glyndon for Fisher's, Fort Garry and the British Possessions, via steamers of Red River Transportation Co.; at Moorhead, Minn., and Fargo, D. T., with steamers for Fort Gary, Bemis, and all points on the Red River; at Bismarck with steamers to all points north and south on the Missouri River, including Standing Rock, Forts Rice, Berthold, Carroll, Helena, Benton, and other points in Montana; also with N. W. Stage and Express Co.'s line to Deadwood City and all points in the Black Hills.
Dated April 7, 1878.

H. E. SARGENT,
General Manager, St. Paul
G. G. SANBORN
Gen'l Frt. and Ticket Agt.,
H. A. TOWNE,
Superintendent,
St. Paul.
Brainerd.

LOCAL LEVIES.

Made by "Tribune" Reporters in Their Rounds About the City.

Cary Wilson is sick.
Alex McCaskell is very ill.
The engine house of the Sheridan is under roof.
Thirty dollars will buy Sol Sunderland's buffalo calf.
"Benett Mills" is the inscription on the railroad side.
Lieut. Gurley is inspector of Indian supplies at Fort Berthold.
Day & Plants received a carload of sewing machines this week.
A fire engine started out to Ft. Meade this week drawn by an ox team.
The Sheridan is building a large carriage house for Stoyell & Laib.
Miles City is building a hotel in Chicago, and will cart it through in sections.
Ex-Mayor McLean, this week, received the patent for the townsite of Bismarck.
Forty Berthold Indians passed down to Standing Rock, yesterday, to have a feast.
The new transfer boat has three whistles and the music of a lower Mississippi packet.
Rev. Mr. Jackson, of Fort Lincoln, will preach at Mandan to-morrow morning at 10:30.
Col. Thompson will attend the Minneapolis Exposition with the products of Burleigh County.
M. W. Kelly has changed from the Carter Hotel to R. R. Marsh's. Mat is a capital hand wherever he is put.
The Northern Pacific unloaded 75 tons of her freight this side of Standing Rock and had to go back for it on Thursday.
J. H. Richards, the popular register of deeds, has moved his office into the building adjoining THE TRIBUNE office on the west.
Joe Deitrich was out all night Tuesday in a successful chase after the Key West. He ran her down and delivered five passengers.
John C. Barr has been appointed special administrator of Capt. McGarry's estate. The estate is supposed to be worth twenty thousand dollars.
This evening one hundred and eight recruits will arrive—sixty for the Seventeenth Infantry at Fort Yates and forty-five for the Eleventh at Fort Bennett.
The railroad telegraph office is now in Mr. Davidson's office, having been divorced from the commercial office, presided over by Mr. Carnahan. Mr. C.'s office will close promptly at 8 o'clock.
The Benton Record of July 25th, says: "Fifty-one buildings are in course of construction at Fort Assinaboine, and brick laying is progressing at the rate of 75,000 bricks per day. The hay and wood contracts are to be re-let on the 26th inst., delivery to commence Aug. 1st."

Remember the announcement made last week of the Methodist quarterly meeting, and the visit of Bishop Peck, of the M. E. Church, who will preach at the City Hall one week from to-morrow—morning and evening! No one who would appreciate an able and eloquent discourse should fail to hear him.

The Monday evening coach to the Hills tilted over at the Point. The driver, in getting his team out of the way of an ambulance, drove on to a shadow. It wouldn't hold up and the stage rolled over. There was a lively shaking up but no serious injuries received. An old lady was indiscriminately tossed about but not a scratch inflicted. Marshal Raymond's son was the worst hurt. He could not go forward until the next day.

The W. F. Storey Party.
David Davis, the great American fence man, didn't come through with W. F. Storey as was expected. Hon. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska City, Nebraska, was with him in David's place. Morton is the brainy Democrat of Nebraska and has been frequently mentioned as Storey's probable successor on the Chicago Times.

Morton gave Arbor Day to his state and is a fancy farmer. His visit to the wheat fields of the Northern Pacific is a very natural performance. Gen. Sibley, of St. Paul and General Manager Sargent were the other distinguished gentlemen in the party. They traveled in the Business Car, arriving Tuesday evening and leaving Wednesday noon. Wednesday morning the car ran down to the landing and the party were given a view of steamboat life on the Missouri. Mr. Storey's young and beautiful wife accompanied him. The great editor is tall, gray haired and something of an invalid. He is wedded to his Times and will die in the harness. His creed is sensation founded upon facts. The age craves sensation and the world's representative newspaper must give it.

The Origin of Sitting Bull's Name.
Joaquin Miller says Sitting Bull received his name in this way: When he was a young warrior he was engaged in a battle, during which he was wounded in both legs so that he could not stand. Disabled as he was, he sat upon the ground and fought with great fierceness. His savage brothers likened his pluck to that of a wounded buffalo, and so he acquired his cognomen.

Scheme to Blow Up Miles' Command.
[Yellowstone Journal.]
Twenty thousand pounds of Beans were shipped to Gen. Miles' command. There evidently has been a scheme on foot to blow up the troops if the Indians should not annihilate them!

The Sherman's Secret Mission.
The steamer Gen. Sherman left yesterday morning at daylight for the upper Missouri. She received her unexpected orders Thursday evening, and with military dispatch provisioned and otherwise prepared for her secret mission. The captain received no intimation of the duty

he was to perform. He will probably find that out when he reaches Buford or Fort Peck. A dispatch from Stevenson says the Sherman passed there last evening, making the fastest time on record from Bismarck to that point—fifteen hours and fifty-five minutes. She only has half a crew, the rest having struck here when she was pulling out.

RIVER NEWS.

The Dakota left Yankton for St. Louis on the 3d. The Batchelor goes to the Yellowstone Sunday. The Red Cloud, of the Baker Line, passed down to St. Louis.

The Josephine will load and leave for Benton Saturday.
The Eclipse is loading for Benton and will leave Monday morning.

Capt. West Jacobs, of the sunken Yellowstone, piloted the Red Cloud to St. Louis.
The Yankton Press speaks of John H. Charles as Commodore Charles, of the Benton Line.

The Key West arrived at Buford this morning and the Josephine passed down at 8:30 yesterday morning.

The Gen. Sherman claims to have got away with the Batchelor on her last Yellowstone trip, forty-eight hours.

Capt. Maratta, Supt. of the Coulson Line, received advice of the arrival of the Big Horn at Benton on the 6th.

The Tompkins and Custer are still at the landing, having held their usual position unchanged for several weeks.

Grant Marsh has sold an interest in his Sioux City ferry to Capt. Larsen. They will build a new boat forthwith.

The Black Hills, which is on a trip from Yankton to Fort Pierre, broke her shaft which will detain her for some time.

The Josephine passed Buford yesterday with cattle and ore for this place, which will be shipped east by the Northern Pacific R. R.

The Rose Bud, with Capt. Joe Todd, arrived at Keogh yesterday en route to the Big Horn Depot and reports the Yellowstone low and falling fast.

The Helena, of the Benton Line, left here with a good trip for Benton, having on board the engineering party who go to Dauphin Rapids to clean out the obstructions.

The Butte passed down to Yankton with a quantity of ore and wool which will be transferred to the D. S. R. R. at Yankton, to be forwarded east. The Butte gave Bismarck and the Northern Pacific the go by.

St. Louis Times-Journal:—Capt. John Todd, of the big Montana, was on Change yesterday. Capt. Todd is a thorough boatman, having first learned the trade of a boat builder. He is associated with Commodore Conlson.

Capt. John J. Massie, of the steamer Col. MacLeod, who was seriously injured here during the summer, had so far recovered that his physicians allowed him to be moved to St. Louis.

He and his wife, who has been here taking care of him, were passengers by the Red Cloud.

The Far West will leave for Yankton Sunday morning with sixty recruits for Sully and thirty for Standing Rock which will arrive by the N. P. train Saturday night. She will also have a large quantity of wire and telegraph poles for points below.

Capt. West Jacobs writes from Buffalo Rapids: "I have made four unsuccessful attempts to raise the steamer Yellowstone. I fear we will have to give her up as lost. Capt. Barnard, of the board of underwriters, left for St. Louis to-day to lay the matter before the board, which will decide whether a diver will be sent up or the boat be wrecked."

Sioux City Journal: "John H. Charles is justly proud of the quick trip of the Benton of his line. She dropped down to St. James, took on some corn, finished her load by putting on 250 tons at Yankton, went up to Pierre and returned to Yankton, leaving freight at most of the landings between, all in five days and twenty hours. She arrived at Yankton at 9 a. m. yesterday, and will leave for another trip on the 7th inst."

Water! Water!!

Every body who drinks this foaming beverage should bear in mind that George Glass is furnishing the article in good shape. He is sparing no expense in building his tanks and setting apparatus. Parties buying their water of him will be sure of obtaining the pure article. Leave orders with him and water will be furnished regularly to any part of the city.

Strayed.

From the ranch of Badger & Parkin, on or about July 15th, 1879, from Long Lake Creek, opposite Fort Rice, thirty-two head of dry cows all branded P on left hip, one of them being a bull, no brand. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning said stock to Badger & Parkin's ranch or by giving such information as may lead to their recovery to either Wm. C. Badger or H. S. Parkin, Standing Rock, Dakota.

Wm. C. BADGER.
H. S. PARKIN.

Dress Goods! Dress Goods!

of all descriptions at DAN EISENBERG'S.

Grove Lake Academy, for Boys and Young Men.

Business will be resumed at the above School on Wednesday, September 3d, and continue until April 1st, following. This is a school of special studies where young men can study such subjects as they need most. No classes—each pupil recites alone and receives individual and special aid. It is adapted to all grades of talent and proficiency. The buildings have been enlarged this summer and comprise two dormitories, three recitation rooms, a large study, hall and ward-room. For full particulars address the Principal, Grove Lake, Pope Co., Minn. 10-13

For your dress goods go to DAN EISENBERG'S.

Neat Dwelling for Sale.

One of the neatest residences in the city for sale. Rented until next April at \$20 per month. Price \$800 cash. A first-class investment. 51f LOUGHERY & BENTLEY.

Flannels! Flannels!

The best assortment in the city at DAN EISENBERG'S.

Laundress Wanted

At the Capitol Hotel. 10-12 L. N. GRIFFIN.

Knitting yarns in all colors at DAN EISENBERG'S.

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. M. P. SLATTERY, 12m4 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

A large stock of waterproof cloth just received at DAN EISENBERG'S.

Money to Loan.

On Real Estate or approved collateral. 15c GEO. P. FLANNERY.

Sheriff Sale.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the District Court of Burleigh County, D. T., in a judgment rendered therein in an action wherein Hoxie and Jagger were plaintiffs and J. D. Wakeman was defendant against the goods, chattels and lands of the said J. D. Wakeman, I have levied upon the right, title and interest which the said J. D. Wakeman had on the 17th day of April, 1879, in and to the following described premises, to wit: Lot 8 in Block 47, in the City of Bismarck, which I shall expose for sale and sell to the highest bidder as the law directs at the front door of the west room in Raymond's Brick Block, on the corner of Third and Main Streets, in the City of Bismarck, D. T., being the place where said District Court was last held, on the 10th day of Sept., 1879, at 10 o'clock, a. m. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, Sheriff Burleigh Co., D. T. Dated Aug. 8th, 1879.

GEO. OBERNE, Established H. M. HOSICK, Chicago. 1868. Des Moines, Ia.

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Branch Houses: Omaha, 257 & 259 Harney St. Lincoln, Neb., 12 South 10th St. Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter., 17th St. Ottumwa, Iowa, 30 Main St. Des Moines Iowa, Walnut & Second Sts. Junction City, Kansas, South 7th St. Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St. Pueblo, Colorado.

Bismarck, Dakota.

Northern Pacific Flour Try It. For sale by 1-12 MCLEAN & MACNIDER.

Notice of Application for the Appointment of an Administrator of the Estate of James McGarry.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that a petition by John McGarry, Henry McGarry, Thomas McGarry, Helen Mooney and Maggie McGarry, praying that letters of administration be granted and that John C. Barr be appointed administrator of the estate of James McGarry, deceased, has been filed in my office which application will be heard at my office in the city of Bismarck, D. T., at the next general term of the probate court of Burleigh County, on the first Monday, being the 1st day of September, 1879, at 10 o'clock, a. m. EVER N. COREY, Judge of Probate.

Dated Aug. 2nd, A. D., 1879.

1879. ATTRACTIVE 1879.

Excursion Route

TO Lake Superior.

THE Lake Michigan & Lake Superior Transportation Co.

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The steamers of this line are fitted, found and officered with special reference to the comfort and safety of passengers, and will during the summer season give a series of GRAND EXCURSION TRIPS.

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